*GOLDSMITH*

# GOOD-NATURED MAN

# SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

COLLINS

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# GOLDSMITH

## THE GOOD-NATURED MAN

## SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

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WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

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# GOLDSMITH, Oliver

# THE GOOD-NATURED MAN
# SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

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# PREFATORY NOTE.

In the Introductions a brief sketch of Goldsmith's life aims at presenting his personality and achievement. The circumstances of the production of each play are outlined in order to illustrate the conditions governing Goldsmith's work as a playwright. To further this end a fairly full account is given of the relation of his plays to eighteenth-century comedy, particular attention being paid to explaining Goldsmith's attack on " genteel comedy " in his Preface to his first play and throughout *She Stoops to Conquer*, and Garrick's attack on sentimental comedy in his Prologue to the latter play.

The characters of the plays are also discussed in the Introductions, but it is hoped that the reader will regard these sketches merely as suggestions which are not meant to prejudice his own judgment. Incidental remarks on dramatic characterisation and on the nature of comedy are similarly intended to help the reader to think about these matters for himself.

Since there is little difficulty of language in these plays, the Notes aim particularly at explaining fully the contemporary allusions, such as those to fashionable London places of entertainment, and at giving such information about life in Goldsmith's day as is necessary for the full understanding of the text.

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# INTRODUCTION.

## I.—The Author.

**1. Life of Goldsmith.**—Oliver Goldsmith was one of the greatest poets, essayists, dramatists, and novelists of his century, but he had his struggles and hardships, and was always too happy-go-lucky to make a material success of his rather short life.

His parents were of English descent, but, when Goldsmith was born in 1728, his father was a poorly-paid Protestant clergyman at Pallas in County Longford, Ireland. In 1730, however, his father obtained a better paid living in the village of Lissoy in Westmeath, and this was the scene of Goldsmith's boyhood. To Lissoy he looked back years afterwards in London as the scene of happy memories, and he has drawn it in his poem *The Deserted Village*, with its schoolmaster, its inn, and its beloved preacher, a figure based partly on his father. But at the time no doubt Lissoy was not quite so idyllic as "Sweet Auburn" for a younger son in a large family.

First Goldsmith was educated in the village school; later he went to a boarding school. His schooldays were not remarkable; he was an awkward boy, with a vein of vanity to cover his real want of self-confidence, and he was the butt of his fellows, but he had his fun. One episode is characteristic. Returning home once with a guinea in his pocket he wanted to put up at an inn, and was misdirected to a gentleman's house, where the family, realising his mistake, pretended to be what he thought them, the innkeeper, and his wife and daughter. Later Goldsmith used this incident in his play *She Stoops to Conquer*.

In 1744 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, one who paid lower fees in return for such services as carrying dishes to the fellows' dining table. That hurt his pride, and his tutor was an overbearing man. Still Goldsmith had his fun, rapidly spent what money his uncle Contarine sent him, and made a little more by writing for five shillings a time ballads to be sung in the street. He took his degree in 1749, but he was last on the list.

His father being now dead, Goldsmith returned to his mother's home at Ballymahon, to spend three years of cheerful idleness, drinking and telling stories in the village inn, and sometimes helping in his brother's school. His uncle tried to get him settled. He was to emigrate to America, but he squandered the money without leaving Ireland. A bishop refused to ordain him. He went to Dublin to study law, but spent his money in gambling. At last, in 1752, his uncle Contarine sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine, and this he did. Then in 1754 he went abroad to Leyden to continue his medical studies there, and afterwards begged his way across the Continent to Italy, perhaps with the help of his flute. Something of this experience he gives to George Primrose in his *Vicar of Wakefield*.

In 1756 he was back in London without work, but with a Doctorate of Medicine acquired on the Continent. He was a chemist's assistant, a printer's assistant, a despised assistant master in a private school. Then in 1757 Griffiths, the publisher of the *Monthly Review*, captured him as a hack writer at a very small salary, with plenty of work and a garret in Griffiths's house to do it in. He reviewed books and plays, and ground out articles. It was a hard life, but when in 1759 he wrote his delightful essays in *The Bee*, and in 1760 his Citizen of the World essays in *The Public Ledger*, he found himself as a writer, and won recognition.

In 1761 he met Dr. Johnson, one of his truest friends, and in 1764 he became one of the first members of the

Literary Club founded by the famous painter Sir Joshua Reynolds. In 1764, too, his poem *The Traveller* added to his reputation, and in 1766 his novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* was published. Then followed his plays *The Good-Natured Man* (1768) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773), with his poem *The Deserted Village* between them in 1771.

These were by no means his only writings. The publishers were ready to give him all kinds of hack work for quite good pay, and, as Goldsmith was good at spending money with his friends, he did it. He wrote histories of Rome, and Greece, collected *Poems for Young Ladies*, and when one of his friends said " he wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll " he wrote *Retaliation*, a series of satirical verse-portraits of his friends.

So with drudgery, alternating with gambling and a round of pleasures, he wore himself out. Kindly, generous, vain, happy-go-lucky, he was no man's enemy but his own, and, as Dr. Johnson declared, he was " a very great man." Few have excelled in so many branches of literature, and his plays, his essays, and his novel still charm us with their natural, humorous pictures of the life of that day. Goldsmith is one of our greatest comic writers, and Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer* is a great comic creation.

## II.—The Good-Natured Man.

**2. Production.**—Goldsmith was a constant theatre-goer, and about 1766 the thought came to him that he too would be a playwright. In the eighteenth century plays were still the most profitable form of literature, though the day of the novel had dawned, and Goldsmith's expenses were growing steadily along with his reputation and his extending circle of friends among the more fashionable. So in 1767, when he was getting five guineas for an English grammar, he set to work on his *Good-Natured Man*. He might make from three to four hundred pounds, and be better known than ever he could be as an essayist or poet.

When the play was written, Goldsmith took the manuscript to Garrick, the great actor-manager then at Drury Lane theatre. For some months Garrick kept it, half-promising to produce it, but in the end he refused to do so unless Goldsmith altered it, asserting that the character of Lofty upset the balance of the play. At that Goldsmith protested warmly, and offered the play to George Colman, the dramatist, who had just acquired a share in Covent-Garden theatre. Colman promptly accepted it.

The production of the play, however, was delayed by quarrels between Colman and those who shared the management of the theatre with him. At the rehearsals the actors were none too hopeful of the play's success; and, according to Forster, "when, after the strongest remonstrance, it was finally determined to retain the scene of the bailiffs, Colman afterwards told his friends that he had lost all hope."

At last, on January 29th, 1768, the first night came. Johnson's Prologue was delivered gloomily, and the part of Honeywood was poorly acted. During the scene of the bailiffs cries of "Low" were heard. But gradually the well acted comedy of Croaker won over the audience, and the success of the play justified a run of ten nights (with the bailiffs omitted), which was a good run in those days. Goldsmith's profits on his three "author's nights" were nearly £400, and from its publication he had £150, and the pleasure of knowing that in print also, the bailiffs included, it was a success. Goldsmith celebrated it by buying costly rooms, furnishing them splendidly, and giving parties.

**3. Relation to the Comedy of its Time.**—Except for the comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan, eighteenth century drama is forgotten. An occasional revival such as that of Lillo's *George Barnwell* by a college dramatic society can be appreciated, but only *She Stoops to Conquer*, or Sheridan's *School for Scandal* is likely now to secure a popular run. This is not because in the eighteenth century the theatres

were at a low ebb. On the contrary, the art of acting advanced, and there were outstanding actors and actresses, and above all David Garrick. Shakespeare's plays, too, were often acted, though in mangled versions. Pantomime developed. Gay's *Beggar's Opera* was a great success, as it has been recently too. But popular taste was on the whole poor and artificial, and it was catered for by second-rate dramatists, whose success was often due mainly to the actors.

The great fault of comedy was its sentimentality and unreality. When the eighteenth century opened, the age of Restoration comedy was drawing to an end. The plays of Wycherley, Etherege, Dryden, and their fellows had portrayed a certain kind of society only too realistically, and taste had begun to react; in 1698 Jeremy Collier had attacked this often witty, but generally unpleasant kind of comedy in his pamphlet *The Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage.* Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem* (1707) was the last outstanding comedy of the old school, content to take human nature as it was, and to present it on the stage unrefined, as a source of laughter.

As the eighteenth century grew more moral, its comedies became duller, and, not content with being moral, their authors made them sermons. Cibber began sentimental comedy in 1704 with his *Careless Husband.* Dick Steele, the kind-hearted man-about-town who collaborated with Addison in the *Spectator* (1711-12), a periodical essay-paper which did much to raise the standards of taste and morality, followed with *The Tender Husband* (1705). Fielding in his novel *Joseph Andrews* (1741) makes Parson Adams declare Steele's *Conscious Lovers* (1722) the only fit play for a Christian to see, and as good as a sermon.

So sentimental comedy became the fashion. Up till 1760 other kinds of comedy, such as Fielding's farces in the thirties, still continued, but for the years immediately preceding *The Good-Natured Man* comedy became mainly sentimental and "genteel." Playgoers went to weep

rather than to laugh, and broad comedy was voted "low." Mrs. Griffith's *Platonic Wife* (1765) was a refined sermon on marriage. In January, 1768, a few days before Goldsmith's play, Kelly's *False Delicacy* was put on; it "sounded the depths of sentimentalism."

We can therefore appreciate Colman's anxiety about *The Good-Natured Man*. Goldsmith was ignoring the taste of the day. As Forster puts it: "What his countryman Farquhar had done, he resolved to attempt. . . . With the help of nature, humour, and character . . . he would invoke the spirit of laughter, happy, unrestrained, and cordial." He would be decent, but he would be funny too. Despite themselves the audience had to laugh, but the bailiffs were much too "low" for them.

With renewed confidence Goldsmith followed up his good work with an essay attacking sentimental comedy, and then with *She Stoops to Conquer*, in which he openly poked fun at it. Then came Sheridan with *The Rivals* (1775), and *The School for Scandal* (1777); his wit and humour were enormously successful. Sentimental comedy, however, did not die—English soil seems to suit it. But after Goldsmith and Sheridan the English theatre failed to produce great comedy again for over a century.

**4. General Criticism.**—In looking back to "the poets of the last age" Goldsmith had in mind Farquhar rather than the brilliantly witty Congreve, author of *The Way of the World* (1700), whom we remember better. Goldsmith had wit, but his strength lay rather in humour, especially as a dramatist; he shows his delightful irony mostly in his essays and light verse.

His humour he develops in character, plot, incident, and dialogue. Croaker and Lofty are in themselves comic figures, as to a less extent is Honeywood, while this major comic interest arising from character is supported by such minor comic figures as the bailiff and the landlady.

Further, this comedy of character is enhanced by contrast —the dismal Croaker against the happy-go-lucky Honeywood, and Croaker against Mrs. Croaker, "opposite enough, Heaven knows." The plot is conceived so as to expose these figures of comedy in situations which will further bring out their weaknesses, and from these situations the humorous incidents and misunderstandings arise. When Croaker, in search of the incendiary, finds his son and Olivia at the inn, the comedy becomes one of character, situation, and incident, the incident being the mistaken beating of the postboy, which would, on the stage, be a ridiculous business. As for the dialogue, it is full of expressions that make us laugh, such as Jarvis's "elope methodically," and Croaker's "fry beef steaks at a volcano."

The humour is, moreover, of a very varied kind. When we see Leontine and Miss Richland at cross purposes in the proposal scene, our laughter is not the same as when we see Honeywood trying to put a more "refined" meaning into the remarks of the bailiff and his follower. But this humour makes more appeal to the mind than does that created by the sight of Croaker "all in the horrors"; the latter is broad comedy, verging on farce. Again there is more of the keenness of satire in the exposure of Lofty. Garnet's illiteracy, the butler's drunkenness, old Jarvis's checking of Olivia's impatience, all these add variety to the humour. And the quips at marriage and lawyers are still stock laugh-raisers.

Though Goldsmith has reacted from the sentimental school of comedy back to natural, life-like comedy, he has not turned his back on romance, or moral sentiment. We have romance in Leontine and Olivia, and the whole play is a sermon preached with laughter. Good, lasting comedy is always a criticism of life, and our sermon here warns us particularly against weak good-nature like Honeywood's, and in doing so appeals to sentiment, but without a trace of sickly sentimentality. The sub-headings of the

sermon are "against being over-fearful," and "against vain hypocrisy."

With truth to life in general, laughter, and a sensible lesson as his aims, Goldsmith did not mind making some sacrifice of probability. It is hardly credible that Olivia could be so easily palmed off on Croaker as his daughter; it is not too likely that Lofty would repent so properly; even a "good-natured man," when himself genuinely in love, excels himself, if he pleads another's love as readily as Honeywood does Lofty's to Miss Richland. But these are trifles; Shakespeare often makes much greater demands on our credulity. The probability is sufficient for the stage, and the plot is skilfully woven. The main action is the "reclaiming" of Honeywood. He is in love with Miss Richland, but she is meant by her guardian for his son, Leontine. Leontine, however, is in love with Olivia, whom he is passing off as his sister. The main action, and the sub-plot are thus very naturally and closely interlinked, and the sub-theme of Lofty and his exposure is a well-grafted addition—he promises to secure Miss Richland's fortune, which Croaker never forgets. Lofty is an addition of genius, but he is not essential; the main plot and the sub-plot are inseparable.

**5. The Characters.**—In *Honeywood* Goldsmith is preaching a sermon at himself; he too had more good-nature than commonsense, and was too kind to others at his own cost. As a piece of dramatic creation the character suffers because of the emphasis Goldsmith puts upon his lesson. Honeywood is too fully drawn in the descriptions others give of him, for example, Sir William and Jarvis. Also he himself summarises his own character. He lives most vividly in the scene with the bailiffs, and by contrast with Croaker.

*Croaker* is the most vital piece of character-creation. He is "a character." Dr. Johnson said: "there has not been of late any such character exhibited on the stage as that of

Croaker." Goldsmith had taken some hints from the sketch of " Suspirius the screech-owl " in one of Johnson's *Rambler* essays, but, as Forster says, " the masterly invention, and rich breadth of comedy, which make a living man out of this half page of a book, were entirely Goldsmith's." He is alive. Jarvis's words introduce him, but they are really unnecessary, for, when he comes on the stage himself, all he says and does is in character. His interaction with the other characters, particularly with his wife, is much more vital than Honeywood's. When Croaker is about, words pour out, and the sparks fly. He enjoys himself (he relishes his own mournfulness), and the audience enjoy him. Nor does Goldsmith fail to give the old grumbler and wet blanket some good points: he cannot be harsh to Olivia, his wife has never repented their marriage, and there is some truth in his self-justification that " there's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand: we never feel them when they come."

Comparing *Lofty* with Croaker, Forster declares him to be " as new to the stage, and as commonly met with in the street." This character is a fine piece of topical satire that no doubt cut to the quick the impudent hangers-on of the political world at which it was aimed. Croaker lives in a world of imaginary terrors; Lofty is possessed, in imagination, of boundless influence with the great. But whereas Croaker's imagination only inconveniences and vexes others, Lofty's can bitterly disappoint those who are foolish enough to trust him, and so Goldsmith has to punish him. He is quickly, clearly, and boldly drawn, and then the dramatist strengthens the lines of the portrait, and puts in a sly touch or so, such as making Lofty change " the chariot " to " my chariot."

*Leontine* and *Olivia* are just a young romantic couple. Any capable dramatist will turn them out.

*Miss Richland* is drawn with more care. Generous, refined, sensible, quick in grasping a situation, she will make Honeywood a good wife.

*Sir William* is the *deus ex machina*. Like Sir William Burchell in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he is the wise contriver behind the scenes. He has returned from abroad to reclaim his hopeful nephew. When he has done so, he may as well go abroad again: he has little other dramatic interest for us.

# PREFACE.

When I undertook to write a comedy, I confess I was strongly prepossessed in favour of the poets of the last age, and strove to imitate them. The term *genteel comedy* was then unknown amongst us, and little more was desired by an audience than nature and humour, in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous. The author of the following scenes never imagined that more would be expected of him, and therefore to delineate character has been his principal aim. Those who know anything of composition, are sensible that, in pursuing humour, it will sometimes lead us into the recesses of the mean; I was even tempted to look for it in the master of a spunging-house; but in deference to the public taste, grown of late, perhaps, too delicate, the scene of the bailiffs was retrenched in the representation. In deference also to the judgment of a few friends, who think in a particular way, the scene is here restored. The author submits it to the reader in his closet; and hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from ours, as it has already done from the French theatre. Indeed the French comedy is now become so very elevated and sentimental, that it has not only banished humour and Molière from the stage, but it has banished all spectators too.

Upon the whole, the author returns his thanks to the public for the favourable reception which *The Good-Natured Man* has met with; and to Mr. Colman in particular, for his kindness to it. It may not also be improper to assure any who shall hereafter write for the theatre, that merit, or supposed merit, will ever be a sufficient passport to his protection.

# THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONAE.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. Honeywood. | Jarvis. | Miss Richland. |
| Croaker. | Butler. | Olivia. |
| Lofty. | Bailiff. | Mrs. Croaker. |
| Sir William Honeywood. | Dubardieu. | Garnet. |
| Leontine. | Postboy. | Landlady. |

*Scene, London.*

## PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON, SPOKEN BY MR. BENSLEY.

Press'd by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind;
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain:
Our anxious bard, without complaint, may share
This bustling season's epidemic care,
Like Caesar's pilot, dignified by fate,
Tost in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike, the statesman and the wit,
When one a borough courts, and one the pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same;
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd, on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.

Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
" This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, " begg'd a cobbler's vote."
" This night, our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
" Lies at my feet—I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm the electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those, whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear, to merit, and to you.

## ACT I.

SCENE. *An Apartment in Young* HONEYWOOD'S *House.*

*Enter* SIR WILLIAM HONEYWOOD, *and* JARVIS.

*Sir Will.* Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity like yours is the best excuse for every freedom.

*Jarv.* I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

*Sir Will.* Say rather, that he loves all the world; that is his fault.

*Jarv.* I am sure there is no part of it more dear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

*Sir Will.* What signifies his affection to me; or how can I be proud of a place in a heart, where every sharper and coxcomb find an easy entrance?

*Jarv.* I grant you that he is rather too good-natured; that he's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another: but whose instructions may he thank for all this?

*Sir Will.* Not mine, sure? My letters to him during my employment in Italy taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend his errors.

*Jarv.* Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all; it has only served to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool.

*Sir Will.* Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No, Jarvis, his good nature arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate, than his desire of making the deserving happy.

*Jarv.* What it arises from, I don't know. But, to be sure, everybody has it, that asks it.

*Sir Will.* Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

*Jarv.* And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance, generosity; and his trusting everybody, universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence; ay, that was the name he gave it.

*Sir Will.* And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now, my intention is to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself into real calamity. To arrest him for that very debt, to clap an officer upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come to his relief.

*Jarv.* Well, if I could but any way see him thoroughly vexed, every groan of his would be music to me; yet, faith, I believe it impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but, instead of being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hair-dresser.

*Sir Will.* We must try him once more, however, and I'll go this instant to put my scheme into execution: and I don't despair of succeeding, as, by your means, I can have frequent opportunities of being about him without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that

any man's good-will to others should produce so much neglect of himself, as to require correction! Yet we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue. [*Exit.*

*Jarv.* Well, go thy ways, Sir William Honeywood. It is not without reason that the world allows thee to be the best of men. But here comes his hopeful nephew; the strange, good-natured, foolish, open-hearted—And yet, all his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.

*Enter* HONEYWOOD.

*Hon.* Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning?

*Jarv.* You have no friends.

*Hon.* Well; from my acquaintance then?

*Jarv.* (*Pulling out bills.*) A few of our usual cards of compliment, that's all. This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked-lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

*Hon.* That I don't know; but I'm sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

*Jarv.* He has lost all patience.

*Hon.* Then he has lost a very good thing.

*Jarv.* There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth for a while at least.

*Hon.* Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the mean time? Must I be cruel because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress?

*Jarv.* 'Sdeath! Sir, the question now is how to relieve yourself; yourself.—Haven't I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?

*Hon.* Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow that I'm not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

*Jarv.* You're the only man alive in your present situation that could do so. Everything upon the waste. There's Miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival.

*Hon.* I'm no man's rival.

*Jarv.* Your uncle in Italy preparing to disinherit you; your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

*Hon.* Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

*Jarv.* Soh! What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact; I caught him in the fact.

*Hon.* In the fact? If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages and turn him off.

*Jarv.* He shall be turned off at Tyburn, the dog; we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of the family.

*Hon.* No, Jarvis; it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen; let us not add to it the loss of a fellow-creature!

*Jarv.* Very fine! Well, here was the footman just now, to complain of the butler: he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.

*Hon.* That's but just; though perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

*Jarv.* Ay, it's the way with them all, from the scullion to the privy-counsellor. If they have a bad master, they keep quarrelling with him; if they have a good master, they keep quarrelling with one another.

*Enter* BUTLER, *drunk.*

*But.* Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jonathan; you must part with him, or part with me; that's the ex—ex—exposition of the matter, sir.

*Hon.* Full and explicit enough. But what's his fault, good Philip?

*But.* Sir, he's given to drinking, sir, and I shall have my morals corrupted by keeping such company.

*Hon.* Ha! ha! he has such a diverting way—

*Jarv.* O, quite amusing.

*But.* I find my wine's a-going, sir and liquors don't go without mouths, sir; I hate a drunkard, sir.

*Hon.* Well, well, Philip, I'll hear you upon that another time, so go to bed now.

*Jarv.* To bed! Let him go to the devil.

*But.* Begging your honour's pardon, and begging your pardon, master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed, nor to the devil neither. I have enough to do to mind my cellar. I forgot, your honour, Mr. Croaker is below. I came on purpose to tell you.

*Hon.* Why didn't you show him up, blockhead?

*But.* Show him up, sir! With all my heart, sir. Up or down, all's one to me. [*Exit.*

*Jarv.* Ay, we have one or other of that family in this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair, I suppose. The match between his son that's just returned from Paris, and Miss Richland, the young lady he's guardian to.

*Hon.* Perhaps so. Mr. Croaker, knowing my friendship for the young lady, has got it into his head that I can persuade her to what I please.

*Jarv.* Ah! if you loved yourself but half as well as she loves you, we should soon see a marriage that would set all things to rights again.

*Hon.* Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream. No, no; her intimacy with me never amounted to more than mere friendship—mere friendship. That she is the most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart with desire, I own. But never let me harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connection with one so unworthy her merits as I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, even in spite of my wishes; and to secure her happiness, though it destroys my own.

*Jarv.* Was ever the like! I want patience.

*Hon.* Besides, Jarvis, though I could obtain Miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs. Croaker, his wife? who, though both very fine in their way, are yet a little opposite in their dispositions, you know.

*Jarv.* Opposite enough, Heaven knows; the very reverse of each other; she, all laugh and no joke; he, always complaining and never sorrowful; a fretful poor soul that has a new distress for every hour in the four and twenty—

*Hon.* Hush, hush, he's coming up, he'll hear you.

*Jarv.* One whose voice is a passing-bell—

*Hon.* Well, well; go, do.

*Jarv.* A raven that bodes nothing but mischief; a coffin and cross-bones; a bundle of rue; a sprig of deadly nightshade; a—(HONEYWOOD, *stopping his mouth, at last pushes him off.*) [*Exit* JARVIS.

*Hon.* I must own my old monitor is not entirely wrong. There is something in my friend Croaker's con-

versation that quite depresses me. His very mirth is quite an antidote to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop. —Mr. Croaker, this is such a satisfaction— 198

*Enter* CROAKER.

*Cro.* A pleasant morning to Mr. Honeywood, and many of them. How is this? you look most shockingly to-day, my dear friend. I hope this weather does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues —I say nothing—but God send we be all better this day three months! 204

*Hon.* I heartily concur in the wish, though, I own, not in your apprehensions.

*Cro.* May be not. Indeed what signifies what weather we have in a country going to ruin like ours? Taxes rising and trade falling. Money flying out of the kingdom, and Jesuits swarming into it. I know at this time no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing Cross and Temple Bar. 212

*Hon.* The Jesuits will scarce pervert you or me, I should hope.

*Cro.* May be not. Indeed, what signifies whom they pervert in a country that has scarce any religion to lose? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters.

*Hon.* I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you. 219

*Cro.* May be not. Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or no? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady drest from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly. But now-a-days the devil a thing of their own manufacture's about them, except their faces. 225

*Hon.* But, however these faults may be practised abroad, you don't find them at home, either with Mrs. Croaker, Olivia, or Miss Richland.

*Cro.* The best of them will never be canonized for a saint when she's dead. By the bye, my dear friend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or t'other.

*Hon.* I thought otherwise.

*Cro.* Ah, Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

*Hon.* But would not that be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself?

*Cro.* My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I am now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

*Hon.* But a little spirit exerted on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

*Cro.* No, though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse sometimes. But what then! always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

*Hon.* It's a melancholy consideration indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

*Cro.* Ah, my dear friend, these were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah, there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend; we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

*Hon.* Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

*Cro.* I don't know; some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me; because we used to meet now and then and open our hearts to each other. To be sure I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk; poor dear Dick! He used to say that Croaker rhymed to joker; and so we used to laugh.—Poor Dick! [*Going to cry.*

*Hon.* His fate affects me.

*Cro.* Ay, he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

*Hon.* To say truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come, by that which we have passed, the prospect is hideous.

*Cro.* Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

*Hon.* Very true, sir; nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

*Cro.* Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. I am willing to show him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself. And what if I bring my last letter to the *Gazetteer* on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit, from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again. [*Exit.*

*Hon.* Poor Croaker! his situation deserves the utmost pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure, to live upon such terms is worse than death itself! And yet, when I consider my own situation, a broken fortune, a hopeless passion, friends in distress, the wish but not the power to serve them—(*Pausing and sighing.*)

*Enter* BUTLER.

*But.* More company below, sir: Mrs. Croaker and Miss Richland; shall I show them up? but they're showing up themselves. [*Exit.*

*Enter* MRS. CROAKER *and* MISS RICHLAND.

*Miss Rich.* You're always in such spirits.

*Mrs. Cro.* We have just come, my dear Honeywood, from the auction. There was the old deaf dowager, as usual, bidding like a fury against herself. And then so curious in antiques! herself the most genuine piece of antiquity in the whole collection.

*Hon.* Excuse me, ladies, if some uneasiness from friendship makes me unfit to share in this good-humour: I know you'll pardon me.

*Mrs. Cro.* I vow he seems as melancholy as if he had taken a dose of my husband this morning. Well, if Richland here can pardon you, I must.

*Miss Rich.* You would seem to insinuate, madam, that I have particular reasons for being disposed to refuse it.

*Mrs. Cro.* Whatever I insinuate, my dear, don't be so ready to wish an explanation.

*Miss Rich.* I own I should be sorry Mr. Honeywood's long friendship and mine should be misunderstood.

*Hon.* There's no answering for others, madam. But I hope you'll never find me presuming to offer more than the most delicate friendship may readily allow.

*Miss Rich.* And I shall be prouder of such a tribute from you than the most passionate professions from others.

*Hon.* My own sentiments, madam: friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

*Miss Rich.* And, without a compliment, I know none more disinterested, or more capable of friendship, than Mr. Honeywood.

*Mrs. Cro.* And, indeed, I know nobody that has more friends, at least among the ladies. Miss Fruzz, Miss Odbody, and Miss Winterbottom, praise him in all companies. As for Miss Biddy Bundle, she's his professed admirer.

*Miss Rich.* Indeed! an admirer! I did not know, sir, you were such a favourite there. But is she seriously so handsome? Is she the mighty thing talked of?

*Hon.* The town, madam, seldom begins to praise a lady's beauty, till she's beginning to lose it. (*Smiling.*)

*Mrs. Cro.* But she's resolved never to lose it, it seems. For, as her natural face decays, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of these fine, old, dressy things, who thinks to conceal her age, by everywhere exposing her person; sticking herself up in the front of a side-box; trailing through a minuet at Almack's; and then, in the public gardens, looking for all the world like one of the painted ruins of the place.

*Hon.* Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you, perhaps, are trading among the warmer climates of youth, there ought to be some to carry on a useful commerce in the frozen latitudes beyond fifty.

*Miss Rich.* But, then, the mortifications they must suffer before they can be fitted out for traffic. I have seen one of them fret a whole morning at her hair-dresser, when all the fault was her face.

*Hon.* And yet, I'll engage, has carried that face at last to a very good market. This good-natured town, madam, has husbands, like spectacles, to fit every age, from fifteen to fourscore.

*Mrs. Cro.* Well, you're a dear, good-natured creature. But you know you're engaged with us this morning upon a strolling party. I want to show Olivia the town, and the things; I believe I shall have business for you for the whole day.

*Hon.* I am sorry, madam, I have an appointment with Mr. Croaker, which it is impossible to put off.

*Mrs. Cro.* What! With my husband! Then I'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

*Hon.* Why, if I must, I must. I'll swear you have put me into such spirits. Well, do you find jest, and I'll find laugh, I promise you. We'll wait for the chariot in the next room. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LEONTINE *and* OLIVIA.

*Leon.* There they go, thoughtless and happy. My dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing in their amusements, and as cheerful as they are!

*Oliv.* How, my Leontine, how can I be cheerful, when I have so many terrors to oppress me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censuring world, when I must be detected—

*Leon.* The world, my love! what can it say? At worst it can only say that, being compelled by a mercenary guardian to embrace a life you disliked, you formed a resolution of flying with the man of your choice; that you confided in his honour, and took refuge in my father's house; the only one where yours could remain without censure.

*Oliv.* But consider, Leontine, your disobedience and my indiscretion; your being sent to France to bring home a sister, and, instead of a sister, bringing home— 400

*Leon.* One dearer than a thousand sisters. One that I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.

*Oliv.* And that, I fear, will shortly be. 404

*Leon.* Impossible, till we ourselves think proper to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt, at Lyons, since she was a child, and you find every creature in the family takes you for her.

*Oliv.* But mayn't she write, mayn't her aunt write?

*Leon.* Her aunt scarce ever writes, and all my sister's letters are directed to me. 411

*Oliv.* But won't your refusing Miss Richland, for whom you know the old gentleman intends you, create a suspicion? 414

*Leon.* There, there's my master-stroke. I have resolved not to refuse her; nay, an hour hence I have consented to go with my father to make her an offer of my heart and fortune.

*Oliv.* Your heart and fortune!

*Leon.* Don't be alarmed, my dearest. Can Olivia think so meanly of my honour, or my love, as to suppose I could ever hope for happiness from any but her? No, my Olivia, neither the force, nor, permit me to add, the delicacy of my passion, leave any room to suspect me. I only offer Miss Richland a heart I am convinced she will refuse; as I am confident that, without knowing it, her affections are fixed upon Mr. Honeywood. 427

*Oliv.* Mr. Honeywood! You'll excuse my apprehensions; but when your merits come to be put in the balance—

*Leon.* You view them with too much partiality. However, by making this offer, I show a seeming compliance with my father's command; and, perhaps, upon her refusal, I may have his consent to choose for myself.

*Oliv.* Well, I submit. And yet, my Leontine, I own I shall envy her even your pretended addresses. I consider every look, every expression of your esteem, as due only to me. This is folly, perhaps: I allow it: but it is natural to suppose that merit which has made an impression on one's own heart, may be powerful over that of another.

*Leon.* Don't, my life's treasure, don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. At worst, you know, if Miss Richland should consent, or my father refuse his pardon, it can but end in a trip to Scotland; and—

*Enter* CROAKER.

*Cro.* Where have you been, boy? I have been seeking you. My friend Honeywood here has been saying such comfortable things. Ah! he's an example indeed. Where is he? I left him here.

*Leon.* Sir, I believe you may see him, and hear him too, in the next room; he's preparing to go out with the ladies.

*Cro.* Good gracious! can I believe my eyes or my ears! I'm struck dumb with his vivacity, and stunned with the loudness of his laugh. Was there ever such a transformation! (*A laugh behind the scenes.* CROAKER *mimicks it.*) Ha! ha! ha! there it goes: a plague take their balderdash! Yet I could expect nothing less, when my precious wife was of the party. On my conscience, I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle.

*Leon.* Since you find so many objections to a wife, sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me?

*Cro.* I have told you, and tell you again, boy, that Miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family; one may find comfort in the money, whatever one does in the wife.

*Leon.* But, sir, though in obedience to your desire, I am ready to marry her, it may be possible she has no inclination to me.

*Cro.* I'll tell you once for all how it stands. A good part of Miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon government, which my good friend, Mr. Lofty, assures me the Treasury will allow. One half of this she is to forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry you. So, if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune; if she accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

*Leon.* But, sir, if you will but listen to reason—

*Cro.* Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you, I'm fixed, determined; so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined, I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

*Leon.* You have alleged that a mutual choice was the first requisite in matrimonial happiness.

*Cro.* Well, and you have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice—to marry you, or lose half her fortune; and you have your choice—to marry her, or pack out of doors without any fortune at all.

*Leon.* An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.

*Cro.* An only father, sir, might expect more obedience: besides, has not your sister here, that never disobliged me in her life, as good a right as you? He's a sad dog, Livy, my dear, and would take all from you. But he shan't, I tell you he shan't, for you shall have your share.

*Oliv.* Dear sir, I wish you'd be convinced, that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune, which is taken from his.

*Cro.* Well, well, it's a good child, so say no more; but come with me, and we will see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you; old Ruggins, the curry-comb maker, lying in state; I am told he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine, and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE. CROAKER'S *House*.

MISS RICHLAND *and* GARNET.

*Miss Rich.* Olivia not his sister? Olivia not Leontine's sister? You amaze me!

*Gar.* No more his sister than I am; I had it all from his own servant; I can get anything from that quarter.

*Miss Rich.* But how? Tell me again, Garnet.

*Gar.* Why, madam, as I told you before, instead of going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years, he never went further than Paris; there he saw and fell in love with this young lady—by the bye, of a prodigious family.

*Miss Rich.* And brought her home to my guardian as his daughter?

*Gar.* Yes, and his daughter she will be. If he don't consent to their marriage, they talk of trying what a Scotch parson can do.

*Miss Rich.* Well, I own they have deceived me—And so demurely as Olivia carried it too!—Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my secrets; and yet the sly cheat concealed all this from me?

*Gar.* And, upon my word, madam, I don't much blame her: she was loth to trust one with her secrets, that was so very bad at keeping her own.

*Miss Rich.* But, to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make me serious proposals. My guardian and he are to be here presently, to open the affair in form. You know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

*Gar.* Yet, what can you do? For being, as you are, in love with Mr. Honeywood, madam—

*Miss Rich.* How! idiot, what do you mean? In love with Mr. Honeywood! Is this to provoke me?

*Gar.* That is, madam, in friendship with him; I meant nothing more than friendship, as I hope to be married; nothing more.

*Miss Rich.* Well, no more of this! As to my guardian, and his son, they shall find me prepared to receive them; I'm resolved to accept their proposal with seeming pleasure, to mortify them by compliance, and so throw the refusal at last upon them.

*Gar.* Delicious! and that will secure your whole fortune to yourself. Well, who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much 'cuteness!

*Miss Rich.* Why, girl, I only oppose my prudence to their cunning, and practise a lesson they have taught me against themselves.

*Gar.* Then you're likely not long to want employment, for here they come, and in close conference.

*Enter* CROAKER *and* LEONTINE.

*Leon.* Excuse me, sir, if I seem to hesitate upon the point of putting to the lady so important a question.

*Cro.* Lord! good sir, moderate your fears; you're so plaguy shy, that one would think you had changed sexes. I tell you we must have the half or the whole. Come, let me see with what spirit you begin. Well, why don't you? Eh! what? Well then—I must, it seems—Miss Richland, my dear, I believe you guess at our business; an affair which my son here comes to open, that nearly concerns your happiness.

*Miss Rich.* Sir, I should be ungrateful not to be pleased with anything that comes recommended by you.

*Cro.* How, boy, could you desire a finer opening? Why don't you begin, I say? [*To* LEONTINE.

*Leon.* 'Tis true, madam, my father, madam, has some intentions—hem—of explaining an affair—which—himself—can best explain, madam. 64

*Cro.* Yes, my dear; it comes entirely from my son; it's all a request of his own, madam. And I will permit him to make the best of it.

*Leon.* The whole affair is only this, madam; my father has a proposal to make, which he insists none but himself shall deliver. 70

*Cro.* My mind misgives me, the fellow will never be brought on. (*Aside.*) In short, madam, you see before you one that loves you; one whose whole happiness is all in you.

*Miss Rich.* I never had any doubts of your regard, sir; and I hope you can have none of my duty. 76

*Cro.* That's not the thing, my little sweeting; my love! No, no, another-guess lover than I: there he stands, madam, his very looks declare the force of his passion—Call up a look, you dog (*Aside*)—But then, had you seen him, as I have, weeping, speaking soliloquies and blank verse, sometimes melancholy, and sometimes absent— 83

*Miss Rich.* I fear, sir, he's absent now; or such a declaration would have come most properly from himself.

*Cro.* Himself! madam, he would die before he could make such a confession; and if he had not a channel for his passion through me, it would ere now have drowned his understanding. 89

*Miss Rich.* I must grant, sir, there are attractions in modest diffidence above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

*Cro.* Madam, he has forgot to speak any other language; silence is become his mother tongue.

*Miss Rich.* And it must be confessed, sir, it speaks very powerfully in his favour. And yet I shall be thought too forward in making such a confession; shan't I, Mr. Leontine?

*Leon.* Confusion! my reserve will undo me. But, if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her. I'll try. (*Aside.*) Don't imagine from my silence, madam, that I want a due sense of the honour and happiness intended me. My father, madam, tells me, your humble servant is not totally indifferent to you.—He admires you; I adore you; and when we come together, upon my soul I believe we shall be the happiest couple in all St. James's.

*Miss Rich.* If I could flatter myself you thought as you speak, sir—

*Leon.* Doubt my sincerity, madam? By your dear self I swear. Ask the brave if they desire glory? ask cowards if they covet safety—

*Cro.* Well, well, no more questions about it.

*Leon.* Ask the sick if they long for health? ask misers if they love money? ask—

*Cro.* Ask a fool if they can talk nonsense! What's come over the boy? What signifies asking, when there's not a soul to give you an answer? If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

*Miss Rich.* Why indeed, sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me—forces me to comply. And yet I'm afraid he'll despise a conquest gained with too much ease: won't you, Mr. Leontine?

*Leon.* Confusion! (*Aside.*) Oh, by no means, madam, by no means. And yet, madam, you talked of force. There is nothing I would avoid so much as compulsion in a thing of this kind. No, madam, I will still be generous, and leave you at liberty to refuse.

*Cro.* But I tell you, sir, the lady is not at liberty. It's a match. You see she says nothing. Silence gives consent.

*Leon.* But, sir, she talked of force. Consider, sir, the cruelty of constraining her inclinations.

*Cro.* But I say there's no cruelty. Don't you know, blockhead, that girls have always a roundabout way of saying yes before company? So get you both gone together into the next room, and hang him that interrupts the tender explanation. Get you gone, I say; I'll not hear a word.

*Leon.* But, sir, I must beg leave to insist—

*Cro.* Get off, you puppy, or I'll beg leave to insist upon knocking you down. Stupid whelp! But I don't wonder! the boy takes entirely after his mother.

[*Exeunt Miss Rich. and Leon.*

*Enter* Mrs. Croaker.

*Mrs. Cro.* Mr. Croaker, I bring you something, my dear, that I believe will make you smile.

*Cro.* I'll hold you a guinea of that, my dear.

*Mrs. Cro.* A letter; and as I knew the hand, I ventured to open it.

*Cro.* And how can you expect your breaking open my letters should give me pleasure?

*Mrs. Cro.* Poo! it's from your sister at Lyons, and contains good news; read it.

*Cro.* What a Frenchified cover is here! That sister of mine has some good qualities, but I could never teach her to fold a letter.

*Mrs. Cro.* Fold a fiddlestick! Read what it contains.

CROAKER, *reading.*

"Dear Nick, An English gentleman, of large fortune, has for some time made private, though honourable proposals to your daughter Olivia. They love each other tenderly, and I find she has consented, without letting any of the family know, to crown his addresses. As such good offers don't come every day, your own good sense, his large fortune, and family considerations, will induce you to forgive her. Yours ever,

RACHAEL CROAKER."

My daughter Olivia privately contracted to a man of large fortune! This is good news, indeed. My heart never foretold me of this. And yet, how slily the little baggage has carried it since she came home; not a word on't to the old ones for the world. Yet I thought I saw something she wanted to conceal.

*Mrs. Cro.* Well, if they have concealed their amour, they shan't conceal their wedding; that shall be public, I'm resolved.

*Cro.* I tell thee, woman, the wedding is the most foolish part of the ceremony. I can never get this woman to think of the most serious part of the nuptial engagement.

*Mrs. Cro.* What, would you have me think of their funeral? But come, tell me, my dear, don't you owe more to me than you care to confess? Would you have ever been known to Mr. Lofty, who has undertaken Miss Richland's claim at the Treasury, but for me? Who was it first made him an acquaintance at Lady Shabbaroon's

rout? Who got him to promise us his interest? Is not he a backstairs favourite, one that can do what he pleases with those that do what they please? Is not he an acquaintance that all your groaning and lamentation could never have got us? 189

*Cro.* He is a man of importance, I grant you. And yet what amazes me is that, while he is giving away places to all the world, he can't get one for himself.

*Mrs. Cro.* That, perhaps, may be owing to his nicety. Great men are not easily satisfied. 194

*Enter* French Servant.

*Ser.* An expresse from Monsieur Lofty. He vil be vait upon your honours instamment. He be only giving four five instruction, read two tree memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one tree minutes.

*Mrs. Cro.* You see now, my dear. What an extensive department! Well, friend, let your master know that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there anything ever in a higher style of breeding? All messages among the great are now done by express. 203

*Cro.* To be sure, no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect than he. But he's in the right on't. In our bad world respect is given where respect is claimed.

*Mrs. Cro.* Never mind the world, my dear; you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect—(*a loud rapping at the door*), and there he is, by the thundering rap. 212

*Cro.* Ay, verily, there he is! as close upon the heels of his own express, as an endorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage

without mine, or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she too may begin to despise my authority. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LOFTY, *speaking to his* Servant.

*Lof.* "And if the Venetian ambassador, or that teasing creature the Marquis, should call, I'm not at home. Dam'me, I'll be pack-horse to none of them." My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—"And if the expresses to his Grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance."—Madam, I ask a thousand pardons.

*Mrs. Cro.* Sir, this honour—

*Lof.* "And, Dubardieu! if the person calls about the commission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumbercourt's stale request, it can keep cold: you understand me."—Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

*Mrs. Cro.* Sir, this honour—

*Lof.* "And, Dubardieu! if the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say." Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. "And if the Russian ambassador calls; but he will scarce call to-day, I believe." And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

*Mrs. Cro.* Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine; and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

*Lof.* Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs? Thus it is eternally; solicited for places here, teased for pensions there, and courted everywhere. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

*Mrs. Cro.* Excuse me, sir. "Toils of empires pleasures are," as Waller says.

*Lof.* Waller, Waller, is he of the house?

*Mrs. Cro.* The modern poet of that name, sir.

*Lof.* Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters, but not for us. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp act, or a jag-hire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

*Mrs. Cro.* The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

*Lof.* I vow to gad, madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is, as mere men.

*Mrs. Cro.* What importance, and yet what modesty!

*Lof.* Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam, there, I own, I'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible: it was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. "I love Jack Lofty," he used to say: "no man has a finer knowledge of things; quite a man of information; and when he speaks upon his legs he's prodigious, he scouts them; and yet all men have their faults; too much modesty is his," says his Grace.

*Mrs. Cro.* And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

*Lof.* Oh, there indeed I'm in bronze. Apropos! I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I'm not to be put off, madam. No, no, I take my friend by the button. A fine girl, sir; great justice in her case. A friend of mine. Borough interest. Business must be done, Mr. Secretary.—I say, Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, sir. That's my way, madam. 291

*Mrs. Cro.* Bless me! you said all this to the Secretary of State, did you?

*Lof.* I did not say the Secretary, did I? Well, curse it, since you have found me out, I will not deny it. It was to the Secretary. 296

*Mrs. Cro.* This was going to the fountain-head at once, not applying to the understrappers, as Mr. Honeywood would have had us.

*Lof.* Honeywood! he! he! He was, indeed, a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what has just happened to him? 302

*Mrs. Cro.* Poor dear man! no accident, I hope?

*Lof.* Undone, madam, that's all. His creditors have taken him into custody. A prisoner in his own house.

*Mrs. Cro.* A prisoner in his own house? How! At this very time? I'm quite unhappy for him. 307

*Lof.* Why, so am I. The man, to be sure, was immensely good-natured. But then I could never find that he had anything in him. 310

*Mrs. Cro.* His manner, to be sure, was excessively harmless; some, indeed, thought it a little dull. For my part, I always concealed my opinion.

*Lof.* It can't be concealed, madam; the man was dull, dull as the last new comedy! a poor impracticable

creature! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business; but he had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange-barrow.

*Mrs. Cro.* How differently does Miss Richland think of him! For, I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

*Lof.* Loves him! Does she? You should cure her of that by all means. Let me see; what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present doleful situation? My life for it, that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, madam, I have a regard for Miss Richland; and rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* LEONTINE.

*Leon.* And yet, trust me, Olivia, I had every reason to expect Miss Richland's refusal; as I did everything in my power to deserve it. Her indelicacy surprises me.

*Oliv.* Sure, Leontine, there's nothing so indelicate in being sensible of your merit. If so, I fear I shall be the most guilty thing alive.

*Leon.* But you mistake, my dear. The same attention I used to advance my merit with you, I practised to lessen it with her. What more could I do?

*Oliv.* Let us now rather consider what is to be done. We have both dissembled too long.—I have always been ashamed—I am now quite weary of it. Sure I could never have undergone so much for any other but you.

*Leon.* And you shall find my gratitude equal to your kindest compliance. Though our friends should totally forsake us, Olivia, we can draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

*Oliv.* Then why should we defer our scheme of humble happiness, when it is now in our power? I may be the favourite of your father, it is true; but can it ever be thought, that his present kindness to a supposed child will continue to a known deceiver? 352

*Leon.* I have many reasons to believe it will. As his attachments are but few, they are lasting. His own marriage was a private one, as ours may be. Besides, I have sounded him already at a distance, and find all his answers exactly to our wish. Nay, by an expression or two that dropped from him, I am induced to think he knows of this affair. 359

*Oliv.* Indeed! but that would be a happiness too great to be expected.

*Leon.* However it be, I'm certain you have power over him; and I'm persuaded, if you informed him of our situation, that he would be disposed to pardon it. 364

*Oliv.* You had equal expectations, Leontine, from your last scheme with Miss Richland, which you find has succeeded most wretchedly.

*Leon.* And that's the best reason for trying another.

*Oliv.* If it must be so, I submit. 369

*Leon.* As we could wish, he comes this way. Now, my dearest Olivia, be resolute. I'll just retire within hearing, to come in at a proper time, either to share your danger, or confirm your victory. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CROAKER.

*Cro.* Yes, I must forgive her; and yet not too easily, neither. It will be proper to keep up the decorums of resentment a little, if it be only to impress her with an idea of my authority. 377

*Oliv.* How I tremble to approach him!—Might I presume, sir,—if I interrupt you—

*Cro.* No, child, where I have an affection, it is not a little thing that can interrupt me. Affection gets over little things.

*Oliv.* Sir, you're too kind. I'm sensible how ill I deserve this partiality. Yet, Heaven knows, there is nothing I would not do to gain it.

*Cro.* And you have but too well succeeded, you little hussy, you. With those endearing ways of yours, on my conscience, I could be brought to forgive anything, unless it were a very great offence indeed.

*Oliv.* But mine is such an offence—When you know my guilt—Yes, you shall know it, though I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

*Cro.* Why then, if it be so very great a pain, you may spare yourself the trouble; for I know every syllable of the matter before you begin.

*Oliv.* Indeed! then I'm undone.

*Cro.* Ay, miss, you wanted to steal a match, without letting me know it, did you? But I'm not worth being consulted, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I am to have no hand in the disposal of my own children. No, I'm nobody. I'm to be a mere article of family lumber; a piece of cracked china to be stuck up in a corner.

*Oliv.* Dear sir, nothing but the dread of your authority could induce us to conceal it from you.

*Cro.* No, no, my consequence is no more; I'm as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up with a pipe in his mouth till there comes a thaw—It goes to my heart to vex her. [*Aside.*

*Oliv.* I was prepared, sir, for your anger, and despaired of pardon, even while I presumed to ask it. But your severity shall never abate my affection, as my punishment is but justice.

*Cro.* And yet you should not despair neither, Livy. We ought to hope all for the best.

*Oliv.* And do you permit me to hope, sir? Can I ever expect to be forgiven? But hope has too long deceived me.

*Cro.* Why then, child, it shan't deceive you now, for I forgive you this very moment; I forgive you all; and now you are indeed my daughter.

*Oliv.* O transport! this kindness overpowers me.

*Cro.* I was always against severity to our children. We have been young and giddy ourselves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be old before their time.

*Oliv.* What generosity! but can you forget the many falsehoods, the dissimulation—

*Cro.* You did indeed dissemble, you urchin, you; but where's the girl that won't dissemble for a husband? My wife and I had never been married, if we had not dissembled a little beforehand.

*Oliv.* It shall be my future care never to put such generosity to a second trial. And as for the partner of my offence and folly, from his native honour, and the just sense he has of his duty, I can answer for him that—

*Enter* LEONTINE.

*Leon.* Permit him thus to answer for himself (*kneeling*). Thus, sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yes, sir, this even exceeds all your former tenderness. I now can boast the most indulgent of fathers. The life he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling blessing.

*Cro.* And, good sir, who sent for you, with that fine tragedy face, and flourishing manner? I don't know

what we have to do with your gratitude upon this occasion.

*Leon.* How, sir! Is it possible to be silent, when so much obliged? Would you refuse me the pleasure of being grateful? of adding my thanks to my Olivia's? of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasioned?

*Cro.* Lord, sir, we can be happy enough without your coming in to make up the party. I don't know what's the matter with the boy all this day; he has got into such a rhodomontade manner all this morning!

*Leon.* But, sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to show my joy? is the being admitted to your favour so slight an obligation? is the happiness of marrying my Olivia so small a blessing?

*Cro.* Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses. His own sister!

*Leon.* My sister!

*Oliv.* Sister! How have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*

*Leon.* Some cursed mistake in all this, I find! [*Aside.*

*Cro.* What does the booby mean? or has he any meaning? Eh, what do you mean, you blockhead, you?

*Leon.* Mean, sir—why, sir—only, when my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, sir; that is, of giving her away, sir—I have made a point of it.

*Cro.* O, is that all? Give her away. You have made a point of it. Then you had as good make a point of first giving away yourself, as I'm going to prepare the writings between you and Miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is here about nothing! Why, what's the matter now? I thought I had made you at least as happy as you could wish.

*Oliv.* O! yes, sir, very happy.

*Cro.* Do you foresee anything, child? You look as if you did. I think if anything was to be foreseen, I have as sharp a look-out as another; and yet I foresee nothing. [*Exit.*

*Oliv.* What can it mean? 483

*Leon.* He knows something, and yet for my life I can't tell what.

*Oliv.* It can't be the connection between us, I'm pretty certain. 487

*Leon.* Whatever it be, my dearest, I'm resolved to put it out of fortune's power to repeat our mortification. I'll haste and prepare for our journey to Scotland this very evening. My friend Honeywood has promised me his advice and assistance. I'll go to him, and repose our distresses on his friendly bosom: and I know so much of his honest heart, that if he can't relieve our uneasinesses, he will at least share them. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE. *Young* HONEYWOOD'S *House.*

Bailiff, HONEYWOOD, Follower.

*Bail.* Lookey, sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time: no disparagement of you neither: men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

*Hon.* Without all question, Mr. ———. I forget your name, sir.

*Bail.* How can you forget what you never knew? He! he! he!

*Hon.* May I beg leave to ask your name?

*Bail.* Yes, you may.

*Hon.* Then pray, sir, what is your name?

*Bail.* That I didn't promise to tell you. He! he! he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

*Hon.* You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps?

*Bail.* The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can show cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But, come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

*Hon.* Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

*Bail.* Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

*Hon.* But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple (*pulling out his purse*). The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thoughts of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

*Bail.* Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get anything by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

*Hon.* Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch; and yours is a necessary one. (*Gives him money.*)

*Bail.* Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

*Hon.* Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

*Bail.* Ay, sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

*Hon.* Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

*Bail.* Humanity, sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say that we in our way

have no humanity; but I'll show you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children; a guinea or two would be more to him than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't show him any humanity myself, I must beg leave you'll do it for me.

*Hon.* I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. (*Giving money to the Follower.*)

*Bail.* Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes.—Little Flanigan here to be sure has a good face; a very good face; but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

*Hon.* Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

*Enter* Servant.

*Ser.* Sir, Miss Richland is below.

*Hon.* How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve my good friend little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver—Do you hear?

*Ser.* That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

*Hon.* The white and gold then.

*Ser.* That, your honour, I made bold to sell, because it was good for nothing.

*Hon.* Well, the first that comes to hand then. The blue and gold. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue. [*Exit Flanigan.*

*Bail.* Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in anything. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as

well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he: scents like a hound; sticks like a weasel. He was master of the ceremonies to the black Queen of Morocco, when I took him to follow me. (*Re-enter* FLANIGAN.) Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

*Hon.* Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

*Bail.* Never you fear me; I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

*Enter* MISS RICHLAND *and her* Maid.

*Miss Rich.* You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

*Hon.* Thanks, madam, are unnecessary; as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

*Miss Rich.* Who can these odd-looking men be! I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. [*Aside.*

*Bail.* (*After a pause.*) Pretty weather, very pretty weather for the time of the year, madam.

*Fol.* Very good circuit weather in the country.

*Hon.* You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

*Miss Rich.* Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

*Hon.* Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam. A dangerous service!

*Miss Rich.* I'm told so. And I own it has often surprised me, that, while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it. 132

*Hon.* I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more. 135

*Miss Rich.* I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

*Hon.* We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one, but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him. 141

*Fol.* Damn the French, the parle-vous, and all that belongs to them.

*Miss Rich.* Sir!

*Hon.* Ha, ha, ha! honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too. 147

*Miss Rich.* Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste that has brought them in turn to taste us. 151

*Bail.* Taste us! By the Lord, madam, they devour us. Give monseers but a taste, and I'll be damned but they come in for a bellyful.

*Miss Rich.* Very extraordinary this! 155

*Fol.* But very true. What makes the bread rising? the parle-vous that devour us. What makes the mutton fivepence a pound? the parle-vous that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot?— 159

*Hon.* Ah! the vulgar rogues; all will be out. (*Aside.*) Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by the French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

*Miss Rich.* Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet I'll own that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

*Bail.* That's all my eye. The king only can pardon, as the law says: for, set in case—

*Hon.* I'm quite of your opinion, sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly, our presuming to pardon any work is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

*Bail.* By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time: for, set in case—

*Hon.* I'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

*Fol.* Ay, but if so be a man's nabbed, you know—

*Hon.* Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

*Bail.* As for the matter of that, mayhap—

*Hon.* Nay, sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves? what is it, but aiming an unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

*Bail.* Justice! Oh, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there: for, in a course of law—

*Hon.* My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at, perfectly; and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law? 199

*Miss Rich.* I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

*Bail.* Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity, and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now, to explain the thing— 206

*Hon.* Oh! curse your explanations. [*Aside.*

*Enter* Servant.

*Ser.* Mr. Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak to you upon earnest business.

*Hon.* That's lucky. (*Aside.*) Dear madam, you'll excuse me and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must. But I know your natural politeness. 215

*Bail.* Before and behind, you know.

*Fol.* Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt Honeywood, Bailiff, and Follower.*

*Miss Rich.* What can all this mean, Garnet? 219

*Gar.* Mean, madam! why, what should it mean, but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers are officers sure enough; sheriff's officers; bailiffs, madam. 223

*Miss Rich.* Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure, yet I own there is something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

*Gar.* And so they are. But I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts, and set him free, has not done it by this time. He ought at least to have been here before now. But lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles than out of them.

*Enter* Sir William Honeywood.

*Sir Will.* For Miss Richland to undertake setting him free, I own, was quite unexpected. It has totally unhinged my schemes to reclaim him. Yet it gives me pleasure to find that, among a number of worthless friendships, he has made one acquisition of real value; for there must be some softer passion on her side that prompts this generosity. Ha! here before me: I'll endeavour to sound her affections. Madam, as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope you'll excuse me if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

*Miss Rich.* The precaution was very unnecessary, sir. I suppose your wants were only such as my agent had power to satisfy.

*Sir Will.* Partly, madam. But I was also willing you should be fully apprised of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

*Miss Rich.* It must come, sir, with a very ill grace from you. To censure it, after what you have done, would look like malice; and to speak favourably of a character you have oppressed would be impeaching your own. And sure, his tenderness, his humanity, his universal friendship, may atone for many faults.

*Sir Will.* That friendship, madam, which is exerted in too wide a sphere, becomes totally useless. Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely. They, who pretend most to this universal benevolence, are either deceivers, or dupes: men who desire to cover their private ill-nature by a pretended regard for all; or men who, reasoning themselves into false feelings, are more earnest in pursuit of splendid, than of useful virtues.

*Miss Rich.* I am surprised, sir, to hear one, who has probably been a gainer by the folly of others, so severe in his censure of it.

*Sir Will.* Whatever I may have gained by folly, madam, you see I am willing to prevent your losing by it.

*Miss Rich.* Your cares for me, sir, are unnecessary. I always suspect those services which are denied where they are wanted, and offered, perhaps, in hopes of a refusal. No, sir, my directions have been given, and I insist upon their being complied with.

*Sir Will.* Thou amiable woman! I can no longer contain the expressions of my gratitude, my pleasure. You see before you one, who has been equally careful of his interest; one, who has for some time been a concealed spectator of his follies, and only punished in hopes to reclaim him—his uncle!

*Miss Rich.* Sir William Honeywood! You amaze me. How shall I conceal my confusion? I fear, sir, you'll think I have been too forward in my services. I confess I—

*Sir Will.* Don't make any apologies, madam. I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. And yet, I have been trying my interest of late to serve you. Having learnt, madam, that you had some demands upon Government, I have, though unasked, been your solicitor there.

*Miss Rich.* Sir, I'm infinitely obliged to your intentions. But my guardian has employed another gentleman, who assures him of success.

*Sir Will.* Who? The important little man that visits here? Trust me, madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve you. Mr. Lofty's promises are much better known to people of fashion than his person, I assure you.

*Miss Rich.* How have we been deceived! As sure as can be, here he comes.

*Sir Will.* Does he! Remember I'm to continue unknown. My return to England has not as yet been made public. With what impudence he enters!

*Enter* LOFTY.

*Lof.* Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off; I'll visit to his Grace's in a chair. Miss Richland here before me! Punctual, as usual, to the calls of humanity. I'm very sorry, madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have shown everywhere, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

*Miss Rich.* I find, sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

*Lof.* My dear madam, what can a private man like me do? One man can't do everything; and then, I do so much in this way every day. Let me see; something considerable might be done for him by subscription; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of dukes, two dozen lords, and half the lower house, at my own peril.

*Sir Will.* And, after all, it's more than probable, sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

*Lof.* Then, madam, what can we do? You know I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to

do something with him in the way of business; but, as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

*Sir Will.* His uncle! then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours.

*Lof.* Meaning me, sir?—Yes, madam, as I often said, My dear Sir William, you are sensible I would do anything, as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family: but what can be done? there's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.

*Miss Rich.* I have heard of Sir William Honeywood; he's abroad in employment: he confided in your judgment, I suppose.

*Lof.* Why, yes, madam, I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment; one little reason, perhaps.

*Miss Rich.* Pray, sir, what was it?

*Lof.* Why, madam—but let it go no further—it was I procured him his place.

*Sir Will.* Did you, sir?

*Lof.* Either you or I, sir.

*Miss Rich.* This, Mr. Lofty, was very kind indeed.

*Lof.* I did love him, to be sure; he had some amusing qualities; no man was fitter to be a toast-master to a club, or had a better head.

*Miss Rich.* A better head?

*Lof.* Ay, at a bottle. To be sure, he was as dull as a choice spirit: but, hang it, he was grateful, very grateful; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

*Sir Will.* He might have reason, perhaps. His place is pretty considerable, I'm told.

*Lof.* A trifle, a mere trifle among us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

*Sir Will.* Dignity of person, do you mean, sir? I'm told he's much about my size and figure, sir.

*Lof.* Ay, tall enough for a marching regiment; but then he wanted a something—a consequence of form—a kind of a—I believe the lady perceives my meaning.

*Miss Rich.* Oh, perfectly; you courtiers can do anything, I see.

*Lof.* My dear madam, all this is but a mere exchange; we do greater things for one another every day. Why, as thus, now: let me suppose you the First Lord of the Treasury; you have an employment in you that I want; I have a place in me that you want: do me here, do you there: interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and it's over.

*Sir Will.* A thought strikes me. (*Aside.*) Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, madam; and, as he seems, sir, an acquaintance of yours, you'll be glad to hear he's arrived from Italy; I had it from a friend who knows him as well as he does me, and you may depend on my information.

*Lof.* The devil he is! If I had known that, we should not have been quite so well acquainted. [*Aside.*

*Sir Will.* He is certainly returned; and, as this gentleman is a friend of yours, he can be of signal service to us, by introducing me to him: there are some papers relative to your affairs, that require despatch and his inspection.

*Miss Rich.* This gentleman, Mr. Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs: I know you'll serve us.

*Lof.* My dear madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it.

*Sir Will.* That will be quite unnecessary.

*Lof.* Well, we must introduce you, then. Call upon me—let me see—ay, in two days.

*Sir Will.* Now, or the opportunity will be lost for ever.

*Lof.* Well, if it must be now, now let it be. But damn it, that's unfortunate; my Lord Grig's cursed Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I'm engaged to attend—another time— 397

*Sir Will.* A short letter to Sir William will do.

*Lof.* You shall have it; yet, in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work; face to face, that's my way. 401

*Sir Will.* The letter, sir, will do quite as well.

*Lof.* Zounds! Sir, do you pretend to direct me in the business of office? Do you know me, sir? Who am I?

*Miss Rich.* Dear Mr. Lofty, this request is not so much his as mine; if my commands—but you despise my power. 407

*Lof.* Delicate creature! your commands could even control a debate at midnight: to a power so constitutional I am all obedience and tranquillity. He shall have a letter; where is my secretary? Dubardieu! And yet, I protest I don't like this way of doing business. I think if I spoke first to Sir William—But you will have it so. [*Exit with Miss Richland.*

*Sir Will.* (*Alone.*) Ha! ha! ha! This, too, is one of my nephew's hopeful associates. O vanity, thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt serve but to sink us! Thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy. I'm not displeased at this interview: exposing this fellow's impudence to the contempt it deserves may be of use to my design; at least, if he can reflect, it will be of use to himself. 423

*Enter* JARVIS.

*Sir Will.* How now, Jarvis, where's your master, my nephew?

*Jarv.* At his wit's ends, I believe: he's scarce gotten out of one scrape, but he's running his head into another.

*Sir Will.* How so?

*Jarv.* The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging tooth and nail in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

*Sir Will.* Ever busy to serve others!

*Jarv.* Ay, anybody but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland; and he supplies them with money for the journey.

*Sir Will.* Money! how is he able to supply others, who has scarce any for himself?

*Jarv.* Why, there it is: he has no money, that's true; but then, as he never said no to any request in his life, he has given them a bill, drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the City, which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

*Sir Will.* How!

*Jarv.* It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception, when they return; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

*Sir Will.* To the land of matrimony! A pleasant journey, Jarvis.

*Jarv.* Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

*Sir Will.* Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing, than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connections, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connection. But, come, the letter I wait for must be almost finished; I'll let you farther into my intentions, in the next room.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE. CROAKER'S *House*.

*Lof.* Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such defiles, as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contented to husband out my places and pensions with some degree of frugality; but, curse it, of late I have given away the whole Court Register in less time than they could print the title-page: yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine girl, when I every day tell a thousand for nothing? Ha! Honeywood here before me. Could Miss Richland have set him at liberty?

*Enter* HONEYWOOD.

Mr. Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my concurrence was not necessary in your unfortunate affairs. I had put things in a train to do your business; but it is not for me to say what I intended doing.

*Hon.* It was unfortunate indeed, sir. But what adds to my uneasiness is, that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I myself continue still a stranger to my benefactor.

*Lof.* How! not know the friend that served you?

*Hon.* Can't guess at the person.

*Lof.* Inquire.

*Hon.* I have; but all I can learn is, that he chooses to remain concealed, and that all inquiry must be fruitless.

*Lof.* Must be fruitless!

*Hon.* Absolutely fruitless.

*Lof.* Sure of that?

*Hon.* Very sure.

*Lof.* Then I'll be damned if you shall ever know it from me.

*Hon.* How, sir!

*Lof.* I suppose now, Mr. Honeywood, you think my rent-roll very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away; I know you do. The world, to be sure, says such things of me.

*Hon.* The world, by what I learn, is no stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend?

*Lof.* To nothing; nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted that I never yet patronised a man of merit.

*Hon.* I have heard instances to the contrary, even from yourself.

*Lof.* Yes, Honeywood; and there are instances to the contrary that you shall never hear from myself.

*Hon.* Ha! dear sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

*Lof.* Sir, ask me no questions; I say, sir, ask me no questions; I'll be damned if I answer them.

*Hon.* I will ask no farther. My friend! my benefactor! it is, it must be here, that I am indebted for freedom, for honour. Yes, thou worthiest of men, from the beginning I suspected it, but was afraid to return thanks, which, if undeserved, might seem reproaches.

*Lof.* I protest I do not understand all this, Mr. Honeywood. You treat me very cavalierly. I do assure you, sir—Blood! sir, can't a man be permitted to enjoy the luxury of his own feelings, without all this parade?

*Hon.* Nay, do not attempt to conceal an action that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all confess it.

*Lof.* Confess it, sir! Torture itself, sir, shall never bring me to confess it. Mr. Honeywood, I have admitted you upon terms of friendship. Don't let us fall out; make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. You know I hate ostentation; you know I do. Come, come, Honeywood, you know I always loved to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance between us. Come, come, you and I must be more familiar—indeed we must.

*Hon.* Heavens! Can I ever repay such friendship? Is there any way? Thou best of men, can I ever return the obligation?

*Lof.* A bagatelle, a mere bagatelle! But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful. You shall be grateful. It would be cruel to disappoint you.

*Hon.* How! teach me the manner. Is there any way?

*Lof.* From this moment you're mine. Yes, my friend, you shall know it—I'm in love.

*Hon.* And can I assist you?

*Lof.* Nobody so well.

*Hon.* In what manner? I'm all impatience.

*Lof.* You shall make love for me.

*Hon.* And to whom shall I speak in your favour?

*Lof.* To a lady with whom you have great interest, I assure you: Miss Richland.

*Hon.* Miss Richland!

*Lof.* Yes, Miss Richland. She has struck the blow up to the hilt in my bosom, by Jupiter!

*Hon.* Heavens! was ever anything more unfortunate! It is too much to be endured.

*Lof.* Unfortunate, indeed! And yet I can endure it, till you have opened the affair to her for me. Between ourselves, I think she likes me. I'm not apt to boast, but I think she does.

*Hon.* Indeed! But, do you know the person you apply to?

*Lof.* Yes, I know you are her friend and mine; that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my passion. I'll say no more; let friendship do the rest. I have only to add, that if at any time my little interest can be of service—but, hang it, I'll make no promises—you know my interest is yours at any time. No apologies, my friend, I'll not be answered; it shall be so. [*Exit.*

*Hon.* Open, generous, unsuspecting man! He little thinks that I love her too; and with such an ardent passion!—But then it was ever but a vain and hopeless one; my torment, my persecution! What shall I do? Love, friendship, a hopeless passion, a deserving friend! Love, that has been my tormentor; a friend, that has, perhaps, distressed himself to serve me. It shall be so. Yes, I will discard the fondling hope from my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour. And yet to see her in the possession of another!—Insupportable! But then to betray a generous, trusting friend!—Worse, worse! Yes, I'm resolved. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and then quit a country where I must for ever despair of finding my own. [*Exit.*

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* GARNET, *who carries a milliner's box.*

*Oliv.* Dear me, I wish this journey were over. No news of Jarvis yet? I believe the old peevish creature delays purely to vex me.

*Gar.* Why, to be sure, madam, I did hear him say a little snubbing before marriage would teach you to bear it the better afterwards.

*Oliv.* To be gone a full hour, though he had only to get a bill changed in the City! How provoking!

*Gar.* I'll lay my life Mr. Leontine, that had twice as much to do, is setting off by this time from his inn; and here you are left behind.

*Oliv.* Well, let us be prepared for his coming, however. Are you sure you have omitted nothing, Garnet? 130

*Gar.* Not a stick, madam—all's here. Yet I wish you could take the white and silver to be married in. It's the worst luck in the world, in anything but white. I knew one Bett Stubbs, of our town, that was married in red; and, as sure as eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and she had a miff before morning. 136

*Oliv.* No matter. I'm all impatience till we are out of the house.

*Gar.* Bless me, madam, I had almost forgot the wedding ring!—The sweet little thing—I don't think it would go on my little finger. And what if I put in a gentleman's night-cap, in case of necessity, madam? But here's Jarvis. 143

*Enter* JARVIS.

*Oliv.* O Jarvis, are you come at last? We have been ready this half-hour. Now let's be going. Let us fly!

*Jarv.* Ay, to Jericho, for we shall have no going to Scotland this bout, I fancy.

*Oliv.* How! what's the matter? 148

*Jarv.* Money, money, is the matter, madam. We have got no money. What the plague do you send me of your fool's errand for? My master's bill upon the City is not worth a rush. Here it is; Mrs. Garnet may pin up her hair with it. 153

*Oliv.* Undone! How could Honeywood serve us so! What shall we do? Can't we go without it?

*Jarv.* Go to Scotland without money! To Scotland without money! Lord, how some people understand geography! We might as well set sail for Patagonia upon a cork jacket.

*Oliv.* Such a disappointment! What a base, insincere man was your master, to serve us in this manner! Is this his good nature?

*Jarv.* Nay, don't talk ill of my master, madam. I won't bear to hear anybody talk ill of him but myself.

*Gar.* Bless us! now I think on't, madam, you need not be under any uneasiness: I saw Mr. Leontine receive forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have left the inn. A short letter will reach him there.

*Oliv.* Well remembered, Garnet; I'll write immediately. How's this! Bless me, my hand trembles so, I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thought, it will be better from you.

*Gar.* Truly, madam, I write and indite but poorly. I never was kute at my larning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose!

*Oliv.* Whatever you please.

*Gar.* (*Writing.*) "Muster Croaker"—Twenty guineas, madam?

*Oliv.* Ay, twenty will do.

*Gar.* "At the bar of the Talbot till called for. Expedition—Will be blown up—All of a flame—Quick despatch—Cupid, the little god of love."—I conclude it, madam, with Cupid: I love to see a love-letter end like poetry.

*Oliv.* Well, well, what you please, anything. But how shall we send it? I can trust none of the servants of this family.

*Gar.* Odso, madam, Mr. Honeywood's butler is in the next room: he's a dear, sweet man; he'll do anything for me.

*Jarv.* He! the dog, he'll certainly commit some blunder. He's drunk and sober ten times a day.

*Oliv.* No matter. Fly, Garnet; anybody we can trust will do. (*Exit* GARNET.) Well, Jarvis, now we can have nothing more to interrupt us. You may take up the things, and carry them on to the inn. Have you no hands, Jarvis?

*Jarv.* Soft and fair, young lady. You, that are going to be married, think things can never be done too fast; but we, that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, madam.

*Oliv.* Well, sure, if my indiscretions were to be done over again—

*Jarv.* My life for it, you would do them ten times over.

*Oliv.* Why will you talk so? If you knew how unhappy they make me—

*Jarv.* Very unhappy, no doubt: I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be married myself. I'll tell you a story about that—

*Oliv.* A story! when I'm all impatience to be away. Was there ever such a dilatory creature!—

*Jarv.* Well, madam, if we must march, why, we will march, that's all. Though, odds-bobs, we have still forgot one thing we should never travel without—a case of good razors, and a box of shaving-powder. But no matter, I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way. [*Going.*

*Enter* GARNET.

*Gar.* Undone, undone, madam. Ah, Mr. Jarvis, you said right enough. As sure as death, Mr. Honeywood's rogue of a drunken butler dropped the letter before he went ten yards from the door. There's old Croaker has just picked it up, and is this moment reading it to himself in the hall.

*Oliv.* Unfortunate! We shall be discovered.

*Gar.* No, madam; don't be uneasy; he can make neither head nor tail of it. To be sure he looks as if he was broke loose from Bedlam about it, but he can't find what it means for all that. O lud, he is coming this way all in the horrors.

*Oliv.* Then let us leave the house this instant, for fear he should ask farther questions. In the meantime, Garnet, do you write and send off just such another.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* CROAKER.

*Cro.* Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water to be levelled only at me? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles, and conflagration? Here it is—an incendiary letter dropped at my door. "To Muster Croaker, these with speed." Ay, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. "With speed." O, confound your speed. But let me read it once more. (*Reads.*) "Muster Croaker as sone as yowe see this, leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talbot tell called for, or yowe and yower experetion will be all blown up." Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! All blown up! Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up? (*Reads.*) "Our pockets are low,

and money we must have." Ay, there's the reason; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. (*Reads.*) "It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame." Inhuman monsters! Blow us up, and then burn us! The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. (*Reads.*) "Make quick despatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go." The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love, go with me! Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together; I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! we shall be all burnt in our beds; we shall be all burnt in our beds!

*Enter* Miss Richland.

*Miss Rich.* Lord, sir, what's the matter?

*Cro.* Murder's the matter! We shall be all blown up in our beds before morning.

*Miss Rich.* I hope not, sir.

*Cro.* What signifies what you hope, madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating, sleeping and eating, is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep though rocked by an earthquake; and fry beef-steaks at a volcano.

*Miss Rich.* But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already; we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues, and mad dogs from year's end to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago, you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers, to poison us in our bread; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

*Cro.* And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without? Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity. [*Exit.*

*Miss Rich.* (*Alone.*) What can he mean by all this? Yet, why should I inquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day? But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. What can he mean? or rather, what means this palpitation at his approach? It is the first time he ever showed anything in his conduct that seemed particular. Sure he cannot mean to— but he's here.

*Enter* HONEYWOOD.

*Hon.* I presumed to solicit this interview, madam, before I left town, to be permitted—

*Miss Rich.* Indeed! Leaving town, sir?

*Hon.* Yes, madam; perhaps the kingdom. I have presumed, I say, to desire the favour of this interview,— in order to disclose something which our long friendship prompts. And yet my fears—

*Miss Rich.* His fears! What are his fears to mine! (*Aside.*) We have indeed been long acquainted, sir; very long. If I remember, our first meeting was at the French ambassador's.—Do you recollect how you were pleased to rally me upon my complexion there?

*Hon.* Perfectly, madam: I presumed to reprove you for painting; but your warmer blushes soon convinced the company that the colouring was all from nature.

*Miss Rich.* And yet you only meant it in your good-natured way, to make me pay a compliment to myself. In the same manner you danced that night with the most awkward woman in company, because you saw nobody else would take her out.

*Hon.* Yes; and was rewarded the next night by dancing with the finest woman in company, whom everybody wished to take out.

*Miss Rich.* Well, sir, if you thought so then, I fear your judgment has since corrected the errors of a first impression. We generally show to most advantage at first. Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best goods to be seen at the windows.

*Hon.* The first impression, madam, did indeed deceive me. I expected to find a woman with all the faults of conscious flattered beauty. I expected to find her vain and insolent. But every day has since taught me that it is possible to possess sense without pride, and beauty without affectation.

*Miss Rich.* This, sir, is a style very unusual with Mr. Honeywood; and I should be glad to know why he thus attempts to increase that vanity, which his own lessons have taught me to despise.

*Hon.* I ask pardon, madam. Yet, from our long friendship, I presumed I might have some right to offer, without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

*Miss Rich.* Sir! I beg you'd reflect; though, I fear, I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of yours; yet you may be precipitate: consider, sir.

*Hon.* I own my rashness; but as I plead the cause of friendship, of one who loves—don't be alarmed, madam—who loves you with the most ardent passion, whose whole happiness is placed in you—

*Miss Rich.* I fear, sir, I shall never find whom you mean, by this description of him.

*Hon.* Ah, madam, it but too plainly points him out; though he should be too humble himself to urge his pretensions, or you too modest to understand them.

*Miss Rich.* Well; it would be affectation any longer to pretend ignorance; and I will own, sir, I have long been prejudiced in his favour. It was but natural to wish to make his heart mine, as he seemed himself ignorant of its value.

*Hon.* I see she always loved him. (*Aside.*) I find, madam, you're already sensible of his worth, his passion. How happy is my friend, to be the favourite of one with such sense to distinguish merit, and such beauty to reward it!

*Miss Rich.* Your friend, sir! What friend?

*Hon.* My best friend—my friend Mr. Lofty, madam.

*Miss Rich.* He, sir!

*Hon.* Yes, he, madam. He is, indeed, what your warmest wishes might have formed him. And to his other qualities he adds that of the most passionate regard for you.

*Miss Rich.* Amazement!—No more of this, I beg you, sir.

*Hon.* I see your confusion, madam, and know how to interpret it. And, since I so plainly read the language of your heart, shall I make my friend happy, by communicating your sentiments?

*Miss Rich.* By no means.

*Hon.* Excuse me, I must; I know you desire it.

*Miss Rich.* Mr. Honeywood, let me tell you, that you wrong my sentiments, and yourself. When I first applied to your friendship, I expected advice and assistance; but now, sir, I see that it is in vain to expect happiness from him, who has been so bad an economist of his own; and that I must disclaim his friendship who ceases to be a friend to himself. [*Exit.*

*Hon.* How is this! she has confessed she loved him, and yet she seemed to part in displeasure. Can I have done anything to reproach myself with? No; I believe not: yet, after all, these things should not be done by a third person: I should have spared her confusion. My friendship carried me a little too far.

*Enter* CROAKER, *with the letter in his hand, and* MRS. CROAKER.

*Mrs. Cro.* Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? Ha! ha!

*Cro.* (*Mimicking.*) Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation?

*Mrs. Cro.* Positively, my dear; what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me? Our house may travel through the air like the house of Loretto, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it.

*Cro.* Would to heaven it were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not everything to alarm us? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

*Mrs. Cro.* Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them.

*Cro.* Give them my money!—And pray, what right have they to my money?

*Mrs. Cro.* And pray, what right then have you to my good humour?

*Cro.* And so your good humour advises me to part with my money? Why then, to tell your good humour a piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife. Here's Mr. Honeywood; see what he'll say to it. My dear

Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror; and yet lovey here can read it—can read it, and laugh!

*Mrs. Cro.* Yes, and so will Mr. Honeywood.

*Cro.* If he does, I'll suffer to be hanged the next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

*Mrs. Cro.* Speak, Mr. Honeywood; is there anything more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion?

*Hon.* It would not become me to decide, madam; but, doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now will but invite them to renew their villainy another time.

*Mrs. Cro.* I told you he'd be of my opinion.

*Cro.* How, sir! do you maintain that I should lie down under such an injury, and show neither by my tears, nor complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

*Hon.* Pardon me, sir. You ought to make the loudest complaints, if you desire redress. The surest way to have redress is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

*Cro.* Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

*Mrs. Cro.* But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way?

*Hon.* What is the best, madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

*Cro.* But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.

*Hon.* Why, sir, as to the best, that—that's a very wise way too.

*Mrs. Cro.* But can anything be more absurd than to double our distresses by our apprehensions, and put it in the power of every low fellow, that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling, to torment us?

*Hon.* Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

*Cro.* How! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake?

*Hon.* Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

*Cro.* Then you are of my opinion? 455

*Hon.* Entirely.

*Mrs. Cro.* And you reject mine?

*Hon.* Heavens forbid, madam! No, sure, no reasoning can be more just than yours. We ought certainly to despise malice if we cannot oppose it, and not make the incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol. 462

*Mrs. Cro.* O! then you think I'm quite right?

*Hon.* Perfectly right.

*Cro.* A plague of plagues, we can't be both right! I ought to be sorry, or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be off. 467

*Mrs. Cro.* Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right. 470

*Hon.* And why may not both be right, madam? Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good humour? Pray, let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot Inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, sir, go there; and, when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him? 478

*Cro.* My dear friend, it's the very thing; the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar; burst out upon the miscreant like a masked battery; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise. 483

*Hon.* Yes, but I would not choose to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

*Cro.* Well, but we may upbraid him a little, I suppose? [*Ironically.*

*Hon.* Ay, but not punish him too rigidly.

*Cro.* Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

*Hon.* Well, I do; but remember that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

[*Exeunt Honeywood and Mrs. Croaker.*

*Cro.* Yes; and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra.

## ACT V.

SCENE. *An Inn.*

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* JARVIS.

*Oliv.* Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were ready—

*Jarv.* The horses are just finishing their oats; and, as they are not going to be married, they choose to take their own time.

*Oliv.* You are for ever giving wrong motives to my impatience.

*Jarv.* Be as impatient as you will, the horses must take their own time; besides, you don't consider, we have got no answer from our fellow-traveller yet. If we hear nothing from Mr. Leontine, we have only one way left us.

*Oliv.* What way?

*Jarv.* The way home again.

*Oliv.* Not so. I have made a resolution to go, and nothing shall induce me to break it.

*Jarv.* Ay; resolutions are well kept, when they jump with inclination. However, I'll go hasten things without. And I'll call, too, at the bar, to see if anything should be left for us there. Don't be in such a plaguy hurry, madam, and we shall go the faster, I promise you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Landlady.

*Land.* What! Solomon, why don't you move? Pipes and tobacco for the Lamb there.—Will nobody answer?

To the Dolphin; quick. The Angel has been outrageous this half hour. Did your ladyship call, madam?

*Oliv.* No, madam.

*Land.* I find as you're for Scotland, madam—But that's no business of mine; married, or not married, I ask no questions. To be sure we had a sweet little couple set off from this two days ago for the same place. The gentleman, for a tailor, was, to be sure, as fine a spoken tailor as ever blew froth from a full pot. And the young lady so bashful, it was near half an hour before we could get her to finish a pint of raspberry between us.

*Oliv.* But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

*Land.* May be not. That's no business of mine; for certain, Scotch marriages seldom turn out well. There was, of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman.—Alack-a-day, she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge-lane.

*Oliv.* A very pretty picture of what lies before me! [*Aside.*

*Enter* LEONTINE.

*Leon.* My dear Olivia, my anxiety, till you were out of danger, was too great to be resisted. I could not help coming to see you set out, though it exposes us to a discovery.

*Oliv.* May everything you do prove as fortunate. Indeed, Leontine, we have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr. Honeywood's bill upon the City has, it seems, been protested, and we have been utterly at a loss how to proceed.

*Leon.* How! an offer of his own too. Sure, he could not mean to deceive us?

*Oliv.* Depend upon his sincerity; he only mistook the desire for the power of serving us. But let us think no more of it. I believe the post-chaise is ready by this.

*Land.* Not quite yet: and, begging your ladyship's pardon, I don't think your ladyship quite ready for the post-chaise. The north-road is a cold place, madam. I have a drop in the house of as pretty raspberry as ever was tipt over tongue. Just a thimble-full to keep the wind off your stomach. To be sure, the last couple we had here, they said it was a perfect nosegay. Ecod, I sent them both away as good-natured.—Up went the blinds, round went the wheels, and drive away, post-boy, was the word.

*Enter* CROAKER.

*Cro.* Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an incendiary's look; for wherever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails to set his mark. Ha! who have we here? My son and daughter! What can they be doing here?

*Land.* I tell you, madam, it will do you good; I think I know by this time what's good for the north-road. It's a raw night, madam.—Sir—

*Leon.* Not a drop more, good madam. I should now take it as a greater favour, if you hasten the horses, for I am afraid to be seen myself.

*Land.* That shall be done. Wha, Solomon! are you all dead there? Wha, Solomon, I say! [*Exit, bawling.*

*Oliv.* Well, I dread lest an expedition, begun in fear, should end in repentance.—Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds to my apprehensions.

*Leon.* There's no danger, trust me, my dear; there can be none. If Honeywood has acted with honour, and kept my father, as he promised, in employment till we are out of danger, nothing can interrupt our journey.

*Oliv.* I have no doubt of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity, and even his desires to serve us. My fears are from your father's suspicions. A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause will be but too ready when there's a reason.

*Leon.* Why, let him, when we are out of his power. But, believe me, Olivia, you have no great reason to dread his resentment. His repining temper, as it does no manner of injury to himself, so will it never do harm to others. He only frets to keep himself employed, and scolds for his private amusement.

*Oliv.* I don't know that; but, I'm sure, on some occasions, it makes him look most shockingly.

*Cro.* (*Discovering himself.*) How does he look now?—How does he look now?

*Oliv.* Ah!

*Leon.* Undone!

*Cro.* How do I look now? Sir, I am your very humble servant. Madam, I am yours. What, you are going off, are you? Then, first, if you please, take a word or two from me with you before you go. Tell me first where you are going; and when you have told me that, perhaps I shall know as little as I did before.

*Leon.* If that be so, our answer might but increase your displeasure, without adding to your information.

*Cro.* I want no information from you, puppy: and you too, good madam, what answer have you got? Eh! (*A cry without, Stop him.*) I think I heard a noise. My friend Honeywood without—has he seized the incendiary? Ah, no; for now I hear no more on't.

*Leon.* Honeywood without! Then, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood that directed you hither?

*Cro.* No, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood conducted me hither.

*Leon.* Is it possible?

*Cro.* Possible! Why, he's in the house now, sir; more anxious about me than my own son, sir.

*Leon.* Then, sir, he's a villain.

*Cro.* How, sirrah! a villain, because he takes most care of your father? I'll not bear it. I tell you I'll not bear it. Honeywood is a friend to the family, and I'll have him treated as such.

*Leon.* I shall study to repay his friendship as it deserves.

*Cro.* Ah, rogue, if you knew how earnestly he entered into my griefs, and pointed out the means to detect them, you would love him as I do. (*A cry without, Stop him.*) Fire and fury! they have seized the incendiary: they have the villain, the incendiary in view. Stop him! stop an incendiary! a murderer! stop him! [*Exit.*

*Oliv.* O, my terrors! What can this tumult mean?

*Leon.* Some new mark, I suppose, of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity. But we shall have satisfaction: he shall give me instant satisfaction.

*Oliv.* It must not be, my Leontine, if you value my esteem or my happiness. Whatever be our fate, let us not add guilt to our misfortunes—Consider that our innocence will shortly be all that we have left us. You must forgive him.

*Leon.* Forgive him! Has he not in every instance betrayed us? Forced me to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trick to delay us; promised to keep my father engaged till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape?

*Oliv.* Don't be precipitate. We may yet be mistaken.

*Enter* Postboy, *dragging in* JARVIS; HONEYWOOD *entering soon after.*

*Post.* Ay, master, we have him fast enough. Here is the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward; I'll take my oath I saw him ask for the money at the bar, and then run for it.

*Hon.* Come, bring him along. Let us see him. Let him learn to blush for his crimes. (*Discovering his mistake.*) Death! what's here? Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia! What can all this mean?

*Jarv.* Why, I'll tell you what it means: that I was an old fool, and that you are my master—that's all.

*Hon.* Confusion!

*Leon.* Yes, sir, I find you have kept your word with me. After such baseness, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured.

*Hon.* My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour—

*Leon.* Peace, peace, for shame; and do not continue to aggravate baseness by hypocrisy. I know you, sir, I know you.

*Hon.* Why won't you hear me? By all that's just I knew not—

*Leon.* Hear you, sir! to what purpose? I now see through all your low arts; your ever complying with every opinion; your never refusing any request: your friendship as common as a prostitute's favours, and as fallacious; all these, sir, have long been contemptible to the world, and are now perfectly so to me.

*Hon.* Ha! "contemptible to the world!" That reaches me. [*Aside.*

*Leon.* All the seeming sincerity of your professions, I now find, were only allurements to betray; and all your seeming regret for their consequences only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw, villain.

*Enter* CROAKER, *out of breath.*

*Cro.* Where is the villain? Where is the incendiary? (*Seizing the* Postboy.) Hold him fast, the dog: he has the gallows in his face. Come, you dog, confess; confess all, and hang yourself.

*Post.* Zounds! master, what do you throttle me for?

*Cro.* (*Beating him.*) Dog, do you resist? do you resist?

*Post.* Zounds! master, I'm not he; there's the man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

*Cro.* How!

*Hon.* Mr. Croaker, we have all been under a strange mistake here; I find there is nobody guilty; it was all an error; entirely an error of our own.

*Cro.* And I say, sir, that you're in an error; for there's guilt and double guilt, a plot, a damned jesuitical, pestilential plot, and I must have proof of it.

*Hon.* Do but hear me.

*Cro.* What, you intend to bring 'em off, I suppose? I'll hear nothing.

*Hon.* Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

*Oliv.* Excuse me.

*Hon.* Good Jarvis, let me then explain it to you.

*Jarv.* What signifies explanations when the thing is done?

*Hon.* Will nobody hear me! Was there ever such a set so blinded by passion and prejudice? (*To the* Postboy.) My good friend, I believe you'll be surprised, when I assure you—

*Post.* 'Sure me nothing—I'm sure of nothing but a good beating.

*Cro.* Come then you, madam, if you ever hope for any favour or forgiveness, tell me sincerely all you know of this affair.

*Oliv.* Unhappily, sir, I'm but too much the cause of your suspicions. You see before you, sir, one that with false pretences has stepped into your family to betray it: not your daughter—

*Cro.* Not my daughter!

*Oliv.* Not your daughter—but a mean deceiver—who —support me, I cannot—

*Hon.* Help, she's going; give her air.

*Cro.* Ay, ay, take the young woman to the air; I would not hurt a hair of her head, whose ever daughter she may be—not so bad as that neither.

[*Exeunt all but* CROAKER.

*Cro.* Yes, yes, all's out; I now see the whole affair: my son is either married, or going to be so, to this lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister. Ay, certainly so; and yet I don't find it afflicts me so much as one might think. There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand: we never feel them when they come.

*Enter* MISS RICHLAND *and* SIR WILLIAM.

*Sir Will.* But how do you know, madam, that my nephew intends setting off from this place?

*Miss Rich.* My maid assured me he was come to this inn, and my own knowledge of his intending to leave the kingdom suggested the rest. But what do I see! my guardian here before us! Who, my dear sir, could have expected meeting you here? to what accident do we owe this pleasure?

*Cro.* To a fool, I believe.

*Miss Rich.* But to what purpose did you come?

*Cro.* To play the fool.

*Miss Rich.* But with whom?

*Cro.* With greater fools than myself.

*Miss Rich.* Explain.

*Cro.* Why, Mr. Honeywood brought me here, to do nothing now I am here; and my son is going to be married to I don't know who, that is here: so now you are as wise as I am.

*Miss Rich.* Married! to whom, sir?

*Cro.* To Olivia, my daughter, as I took her to be; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in the moon.

*Sir Will.* Then, sir, I can inform you; and, though a stranger, yet you shall find me a friend to your family. It will be enough at present to assure you that, both in point of birth and fortune, the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, Sir James Woodville—

*Cro.* Sir James Woodville! What, of the West?

*Sir Will.* Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself, she was sent to France, under pretence of education; and there every art was tried to fix her for life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon my arrival at Paris; and, as I had been once her father's friend, I did all in my power to frustrate her guardian's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stepped in with more pleasing violence, gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

*Cro.* But I intend to have a daughter of my own choosing, sir. A young lady, sir, whose fortune, by my interest with those who have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect. Do you know Mr. Lofty, sir?

*Sir Will.* Yes, sir; and know that you are deceived in him. But step this way, and I'll convince you.

[*Croaker and Sir William seem to confer.*

*Enter* HONEYWOOD.

*Hon.* Obstinate man, still to persist in his outrage! insulted by him, despised by all, I now begin to grow contemptible, even to myself. How have I sunk by too great an assiduity to please! How have I over-taxed all my abilities, lest the approbation of a single fool should escape me! But all is now over; I have survived my reputation, my fortune, my friendships, and nothing remains henceforward for me but solitude and repentance. 293

*Miss Rich.* Is it true, Mr. Honeywood, that you are setting off without taking leave of your friends? The report is, that you are quitting England. Can it be?

*Hon.* Yes, madam; and though I am so unhappy as to have fallen under your displeasure, yet, thank Heaven, I leave you to happiness; to one who loves you, and deserves your love; to one who has power to procure you affluence, and generosity to improve your enjoyment of it. 302

*Miss Rich.* And are you sure, sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him?

*Hon.* I have the best assurances of it, his serving me. He does indeed deserve the highest happiness, and that is in your power to confer. As for me, weak and wavering as I have been, obliged by all, and incapable of serving any, what happiness can I find but in solitude? What hope, but in being forgotten? 310

*Miss Rich.* A thousand! to live among friends that esteem you, whose happiness it will be to be permitted to oblige you. 313

*Hon.* No, madam, my resolution is fixed. Inferiority among strangers is easy; but among those that once were equals, insupportable. Nay, to show you how far my resolution can go, I can now speak with calmness of my former follies, my vanity, my dissipation, my weakness. I will even confess that, among the number of my other presumptions, I had the insolence to think of loving you. Yes, madam, while I was pleading the passion of another, my heart was tortured with its own. But it is over; it was unworthy our friendship, and let it be forgotten.

*Miss Rich.* You amaze me!

*Hon.* But you'll forgive it, I know you will; since the confession should not have come from me even now, but to convince you of the sincerity of my intention of—never mentioning it more. [*Going.*

*Miss Rich.* Stay, sir, one moment—Ha! he here—

*Enter* LOFTY.

*Lof.* Is the coast clear? None but friends? I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence; but it goes no farther; things are not yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board; your affair at the Treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum!

*Miss Rich.* Sooner, sir, I should hope.

*Lof.* Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push and where to parry; that know how the land lies—eh, Honeywood!

*Miss Rich.* It has fallen into yours.

*Lof.* Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, I say—that's all. I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout, that the claim has

been examined, and found admissible. *Quietus* is the word, madam.

*Hon.* But how? his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

*Lof.* Indeed! Then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most damnably mistaken. I had it of him.

*Miss Rich.* He! why Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

*Lof.* This month! it must certainly be so—Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there; and so it came about. I have his letter about me; I'll read it to you. (*Taking out a large bundle.*) That's from Paoli of Corsica; that from the Marquis of Squilachi.—Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski, now King of Poland?—Honest Pon—(*Searching.*) O, sir, what, are you here, too? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

*Sir Will.* Sir, I have delivered it; and must inform you, it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

*Cro.* Contempt! Mr. Lofty, what can that mean?

*Lof.* Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

*Sir Will.* Yes, sir, I believe you'll be amazed, if after waiting some time in the ante-chamber, after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

*Lof.* Good; let me die; very good. Ha! ha! ha!

*Cro.* Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

*Lof.* You can't? Ha! ha!

*Cro.* No, for the soul of me! I think it was as confounded a bad answer as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another. 382

*Lof.* And so you can't find out the force of the message? Why, I was in the house at that very time. Ha! ha! It was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha! ha! 386

*Cro.* Indeed! How? why?

*Lof.* In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with Lord Buzzard, I side with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery. 391

*Cro.* And so it does, indeed; and all my suspicions are over.

*Lof.* Your suspicions! What, then, you have been suspecting, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends; we are friends no longer. Never talk to me. It's over; I say, it's over.

*Cro.* As I hope for your favour I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed. 399

*Lof.* Zounds! sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the *Gazetteer*, and praised in the *St. James's*? Have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker at Merchant Tailors' Hall? Have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops; and talk to me of suspects? 407

*Cro.* My dear sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

*Lof.* Sir, I will not be pacified—Suspects! Who am I? To be used thus! Have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends; the Lords of the Treasury,

Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects? Who am I, I say; who am I? 414

*Sir Will.* Since, sir, you are so pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are. A gentleman, as well acquainted with politics as with men in power; as well acquainted with persons of fashion as with modesty; with Lords of the Treasury as with truth; and with all, as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood.

[*Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.*

*Cro.* Sir William Honeywood!

*Hon.* Astonishment! my uncle! [*Aside.*

*Lof.* So then, my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window. 426

*Cro.* What, Mr. Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You, who have been dreaded by the ins and outs; you, who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in a pillory. 432

*Lof.* Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the Lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

*Sir Will.* Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence. 437

*Cro.* Ay, sir, too well I see it; and I can't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune, to be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lofty in helping him to a better. 443

*Sir Will.* I approve your resolution; and here they come to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

*Enter* MRS. CROAKER, JARVIS, LEONTINE, *and* OLIVIA.

*Mrs. Cro.* Where's my husband? Come, come, lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

*Cro.* I wish we could both say so. However, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you in obtaining their pardon. So, if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think we can tack them together without crossing the Tweed for it.

[*Joining their hands.*

*Leon.* How blest and unexpected! What, what can we say to such goodness? But our future obedience shall be the best reply. And as for this gentleman, to whom we owe—

*Sir Will.* Excuse me, sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me. (*Turning to* HONEYWOOD.) Yes, sir, you are surprised to see me: and I own that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw with indignation the errors of a mind that only sought applause from others; that easiness of disposition, which, though inclined to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw with regret those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty; your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship, but credulity. I saw with regret great talents and extensive learning only employed to add sprightliness to error, and increase your perplexities. I saw your mind with a thousand natural charms; but the greatness of its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its prostitution.

*Hon.* Cease to upbraid me, sir: I have for some time but too strongly felt the justice of your reproaches. But there is one way still left me. Yes, sir, I have deter-

mined this very hour to quit for ever a place where I have made myself the voluntary slave of all, and to seek among strangers that fortitude which may give strength to the mind, and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet ere I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentleman; who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr. Lofty— 487

*Lof.* Mr. Honeywood, I'm resolved upon a reformation as well as you. I now begin to find that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you that you owe your late enlargement to another; as, upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place. I'm determined to resign. [*Exit.*

*Hon.* How have I been deceived! 498

*Sir Will.* No, sir, you have been obliged to a kinder, fairer friend, for that favour—to Miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me. 504

*Miss Rich.* After what is past it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which I find was more than friendship. And if my entreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the country, I will even try if my hand has not power to detain him. [*Giving her hand.*

*Hon.* Heavens! how can I have deserved all this? How express my happiness, my gratitude? A moment like this overpays an age of apprehension. 513

*Cro.* Well, now I see content in every face; but Heaven send we be all better this day three months!

*Sir Will.* Henceforth, nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

*Hon.* Yes, sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors; my vanity, in attempting to please all by fearing to offend any; my meanness, in approving folly lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and my love for her, who first taught me what it is to be happy.

## EPILOGUE.[1]

[1] The author, in expectation of an Epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour. What is here offered, owes all its success to the graceful manner of the actress who spoke it.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure;
Thus, on the stage, our playwrights still depend
For Epilogues and Prologues on some friend,
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
And makes full many a bitter pill go down.
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
And teased each rhyming friend to help him out.
An Epilogue, things can't go on without it;
It could not fail, would you but set about it.
Young man, cries one (a bard laid up in clover),
Alas! young man, my writing days are over;
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I;
Your brother Doctor there, perhaps, may try.
What I! dear sir, the Doctor interposes;
What, plant my thistle, sir, among his roses!
No, no, I've other contests to maintain;
To-night I head our troops at Warwick-lane.
Go ask your manager—Who, me! Your pardon;
Those things are not our forte at Covent-garden.
Our author's friends, thus placed at happy distance,
Give him good words indeed, but no assistance.
As some unhappy wight, at some new play,

At the pit door stands elbowing away,
While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug;
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise:
He nods, they nod; he cringes, they grimace;
But not a soul will budge to give him place.
Since then, unhelped, our bard must now conform
" To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,"
Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the *Good-natured Man.*

# NOTES.

*References are made to the pages and lines of the text, thus:* 1. 5 *means page* 1, *line* 5.

## PREFACE.

2. **poets of the last age**: *i.e.* dramatists such as Vanbrugh and Farquhar, who preceded Steele and the subsequent writers of sentimental comedy. See Introd., § 3, and page xiv.

11. **sensible**: "conscious, aware."

12. **recesses of the mean**: *i.e.* very low life.

13. **spunging-house**: a house kept by a bailiff, where arrested debtors were confined before being sent to prison if they still could not pay. The meaning arises from the idea of squeezing money out of the debtor.

**bailiffs**: sheriff's officers, whose duty it is to execute writs, in this case to arrest Honeywood for debt; this scene was restored on the stage in 1773.

19. **closet**: "study."

22. **the French theatre**: two of the chief French writers of comedy in the eighteenth century were Marivaux (1688-1763), with his plays of over-refined love-making, and Diderot (1713-84), with his "comédie larmoyante" (tearful comedy).

24. **Molière**: Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622-73), the greatest French comic playwright, who "held the mirror up to nature." Among his plays are *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (1670), *Tartufe*, and *L'Avare* (1668).

## THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

### PROLOGUE.

**Dr. Johnson**: Samuel Johnson (1709-84), poet, dramatist, essayist, novelist, and critic. He was the greatest man of letters of his day, and remains one of the great English critics. His best-known works include *Rasselas* (1759), his Dictionary (1755), and *Lives of the Poets* (1779-84). This Prologue was Johnson's only published writing in 1768.

**Mr. Bensley:** Robert Bensley (1738 ?-1817 ?); he acted on the London stage from 1765 to 1796. He "seems to have thrown into the heavy opening of Johnson's prologue . . . a ponderous gloom, which, at the outset, dashed the spirits of the audience" (Forster). He played the part of Leontine.

1. 3-4. **with cool . . . pain:** *i.e.* the man who feels life press on him like a weight (line 1) puts himself, with quiet resignation, among the rest of mankind (the lab'ring train), and so the cares of life, being shared by others (social), are lessened.

5. **anxious Bard:** Johnson originally wrote *little*, which Gold smith wished changed.

6. **this bustling . . . care:** a general parliamentary election was due to take place in March, 1768. *Epidemic* means "prevalent, general." The Septennial Act (1716) required the election of a new parliament every seven years. Johnson throughout the Prologue is comparing the dramatist's appeal to his audience with that of a politician ("statesman") to the electors.

7. **Caesar's pilot:** *i.e.* the helmsman in a ship carrying Julius Caesar; he was "dignified by fate" because in the storm he was responsible for Caesar's safety.

13. **disabled both . . . fly:** *i.e.* unable by circumstances either to fight or flee.

2. 17. **offended burgess:** *i.e.* voter with a grievance.

18. **that blest year:** *i.e.* the year of a general parliamentary election.

20. **that glad night:** *i.e.* the night on which his play is produced.

21. **powder'd curls:** fashionable people in Goldsmith's day wore wigs, with the hair powdered.

22. **swelling Crispin:** *i.e.* some cobbler puffed up with the sense of his own importance. Crispin, a third-century Christian martyr, was patron saint of shoemakers.

25. **charm . . . tribe:** *i.e.* bribe the electors. Eighteenth-century elections were notorious for such corrupt practices.

## ACT I.

3. 2. **bluntness:** "plain speaking."

14. **sharper:** "swindler"; cp. card-sharper.

15. **coxcomb:** defined by Dr. Johnson as "a superficial pretender to knowledge or accomplishments."

19. **instructions:** "teaching."

25. **this same philosophy:** *i.e.* what people call "philosophy."

26. **arrant jade**: "utterly worthless hack." Jarvis means that philosophy belongs to the study; it does not work in everyday life.

**4.** 31. **importunate**: *i.e.* those who press him to help them.

34. **everybody . . . asks it**: *i.e.* a man has only to ask Honeywood for something, and he obtains it.

41. **went security**: *i.e.* pledged himself to pay a debt, if the original borrower defaulted.

45. **upon that I proceed**: *i.e.* I am taking advantage of that circumstance—his going security.

46. **reclaim**: *i.e.* cure him of his follies.

47. **absconded**: *i.e.* gone off secretly without paying the debt.

47-8. **I have . . . security**: *i.e.* Sir William has himself paid off the debt, and now intends to proceed against his nephew to obtain the money. **fictitious distress**: *i.e.* not really serious trouble; the uncle does not want the money, but only to bring his nephew to his senses.

50-1. **clap . . . upon him**: *i.e.* have him arrested.

**5.** 72. **hopeful**: "promising," said ironically.

80. **cards of compliment**: *i.e.* cards left with the caller's compliments; here used ironically of bills.

82. **mercer**: a dealer in silks, velvets, etc. **broker**: "money-lender."

90. **the Fleet**: the old debtors' prison; it was situated near the Fleet river, which flows, now underground, between Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street into the Thames.

91. **stop his mouth**: *i.e.* put a stop to his pressing demands for repayment.

**6.** 96. **'Sdeath**: a weakening of "God's death."

97-8. **out of my senses**: not mad, but out of patience, and vexed with Honeywood's behaviour. Honeywood, however, pretends to think Jarvis means "mad."

104. **upon the waste**: *i.e.* being squandered.

119. **turned off**: eighteenth-century idiom for "hanged." **Tyburn**: the gallows for the execution of criminals. It stood off Edgware Road, near the site of the modern Marble Arch. Executions were then common public spectacles witnessed by all classes of people.

**7.** 129. **scullion**: the lowest class of servant.

130. **privy-counsellor**: a member of the King's Privy Council; the meaning is "from the highest in society to the lowest."

140. **diverting**: "amusing."

**8.** 179. **fine**: *i.e.* admirable people.

179-80. **a little . . . dispositions:** an understatement of the fact that they are of very different temperaments from one another.

183. **sorrowful:** *i.e.* really sad; he is only peevish.

187. **passing-bell:** a bell formerly rung at the time of a dying man's passing, *i.e.* death.

189. **a raven:** the raven was long considered a bird of ill-omen; cp. "the raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements" (*Macbeth*, I. v. 36).

190. **rue:** a herb with bitter leaves; in literary use as a symbol of sorrow.

193. **monitor:** one who gives advice.

**9.** 196. **antidote:** a remedy against.

200. **most shockingly:** an eighteenth-century colloquialism equivalent to "frightfully out of sorts." Croaker goes on to hint that, if the bad weather lasts, Honeywood may be dead in three months.

206. **apprehensions:** "fears."

210. **Jesuits:** the Jesuits were members of the Society of Jesus, a body founded in 1539 by Ignatius Loyola; it was a very efficient society, well-disciplined and organised, and its purpose was to spread the Catholic faith and counteract the effects of the Reformation. In England, from Elizabethan times, the Jesuits had a reputation for unscrupulousness and subtlety, and popular fear and detestation of them survived into Goldsmith's time largely as a result of the part played by the Jesuits in supporting James II. and the Stuart pretenders to the throne.

211-12. **between Charing Cross,** etc.: the length of the Strand; about one mile.

216. **pervert:** *i.e.* win over to their religion; the opposite of *convert*, *i.e.* win over to a true religion.

223. **her own manufactures:** *i.e.* clothes of her own making.

225. **except their faces:** a sarcastic reference to the use of cosmetics.

227. **abroad:** *i.e.* among other people.

**10.** 236. **understanding:** "judgment."

250. **haggling:** "arguing," "disputing"; it is now generally used of any one disputing about the price of an article, or the terms of an agreement.

258. **made away with:** "killed."

**11.** 273. **affects me:** *i.e.* makes me sad.

278. **compare:** *i.e.* estimate the prospects of.

281-3. **Life . . . over:** a not quite accurate quotation from Sir William Temple's essay *Of Poetry*. The quotation had some fame

as a "gem," so Goldsmith probably expected his audience to recognise it, and enjoy the incongruity. **froward**: "naughty"; now archaic.

284. **vanity**: "futility"; cp. "vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

293. **Gazetteer**: i.e. *The Gazetteer, and London Daily Advertiser*, a newspaper which ran for a large part of the eighteenth century.

293-4. **the increase . . . of earthquakes**: *i.e.* the increasing frequency of earthquakes, and the geographical line they follow.

295. **the late earthquake**: *i.e.* the great earthquake of 1755, which destroyed a large part of Lisbon. The cause of earthquakes was much discussed for some years afterwards.

298. **Palmyra**: now a poor town on the Syrian desert; under the early Roman empire it was a famous trading centre, until destroyed in 212 A.D.

12. 304. **a hopeless passion**: *i.e.* his love for Miss Richland.

311. **dowager**: a widow who has inherited a title or wealth from her husband.

312. **bidding . . . against herself**: being deaf, she thought others were bidding when they were not, and so raised her own bids.

313. **curious in**: *i.e.* inquisitive about; given to research or investigation into.

315. **from friendship**: *i.e.* arising from friendship.

329. **delicate**: *i.e.* respectful, and sensitive of another's feelings.

13. 334. **disinterested commerce**: *i.e.* an unselfish exchange.

346. **the mighty thing talked of**: a slang phrase meaning "the talk on everyone's lips.

347. **the town**: *i.e.* fashionable society.

352. **dressy things**: *i.e.* over-dressed women.

353. **exposing her person**: *i.e.* showing herself off.

354. **side-box**: *i.e.* a box at the side of a theatre.

355. **trailing**: *i.e.* dragging herself slowly along. **minuet**: a slow, stately eighteenth-century dance. **Almack's**: Assembly Rooms in King's Street, St. James's, built by a Mr. Almack in 1765, and used for expensive fashionable dances.

356. **public gardens**: *i.e.* Ranelagh Gardens at Chelsea, and Vauxhall Gardens; both were popular places of entertainment frequented by fashionable people. Singing, music, and fireworks formed some of the entertainment.

357. **the painted ruins**: Vauxhall Gardens, themselves beautiful with tall trees and flowers, were further "beautified" with painted scenery representing ruins.

359. **trading**: by the metaphor of commerce is meant social intercourse with a view to marriage.

362. **mortifications**: "afflictions of the body," "vexations."

**14.** 367. **this . . . town**, *i.e.* London.

373. **the things**: *i.e.* all there is to be seen—the sights and the shops.

382. **chariot**: "carriage."

392. **mercenary**: *i.e.* one whose object is money or self-interest; see **74.** 267.

396. **yours**: *i.e.* your honour.

**16.** 431. **you view . . . partiality**: *i.e.* you think too highly of my merits.

446. **a trip to Scotland**: *i.e.* an elopement followed by a Scotch marriage at Gretna Green; cp. **19.** 14-15.

459. **balderdash**: "silly talk."

461. **horse-laugh**: a loud, coarse laugh; cp. *horse-play*.

**17.** 484. **I'm determined**: *i.e.* have made up my mind.

486. **mutual**: *i.e.* by which they choose one another.

487. **requisite**: "thing necessary."

492. **more indulgence**: *i.e.* to be treated with more consideration for his feelings.

495. **sad dog**: "a wicked fellow"; a half-jesting colloquialism.

**18.** 505. **curry-comb**: a comb used for cleaning horses' coats. **lying in state**: in Goldsmith's day the lying of a dead man exposed in his coffin, now only observed in the case of kings or great national figures, was not uncommon.

507. **prodigiously**: then slang for "very well"; cp. **19.** 10. where *prodigious* means "very good." Each age has its own exaggerated phrases which serve for various meanings; cp. *awfully*, as in "awfully good," "awfully unhappy."

508. **these**: *i.e.* such acts of respect as viewing the dead.

## ACT II.

**20.** 38. **mortify**: "vex."

38-9. **throw . . . upon them**: *i.e.* make the rejection of the proposed marriage come from their side.

40. **that will secure**, etc.: *i.e.* Miss Richland will not lose half her fortune, for it will not be she who has refused Leontine.

42. **'cuteness**: *i.e.* cleverness. This colloquial form of *acuteness* has become common again from American usage.

46. **to want employment**: *i.e.* to lack an opportunity of "practising her lesson."

51. **plaguy**: "confoundedly"; a colloquial expression of impatience.

52. **half or the whole**: *i.e.* of Miss Richland's fortune.

21. 78. **another guess**: "another kind of"; *guess* is corrupted from the French *guise*.

82. **blank verse**: unrhymed verse consisting of five iambic feet to the line.

83. **absent**: "absent-minded."

87-9. **if he . . . understanding**: *i.e.* "his love is so deep and strong that, if he had not me to express it for him, it would quite overwhelm him."

22. 93. **forgot**: "forgotten"; this use of the past tense form for the past participle was once very common.

102. **want**: "am lacking in."

103. **intended**: "offered"; **your humble servant**: *i.e.* Leontine himself.

104. **indifferent to you**: *i.e.* incapable of arousing your interest.

107. **St. James's**: St. James's Street, with its coffee-houses, the clubs of eighteenth-century London, was much frequented by people of fashion.

23. 133. **constraining her inclinations**: *i.e.* making her do what she does not wish to.

142. **whelp**: "puppy."

143. **after his mother**: an instance of Goldsmith's stage-craft, the humour lying in the remark's being followed by Mrs. Croaker's entry.

146. **hold you . . . that**: *i.e.* bet you a guinea you won't.

24. 153. **Frenchified cover**: "ridiculous French way of folding the envelope."

161. **crown his addresses**: *i.e.* agree to marry him.

166. **contracted**: "engaged."

169. **baggage**: "rascal," here used affectionately of a girl.

172. **amour**: "love-affair."

177. **the most serious part**: *i.e.* the marriage settlement; Croaker naturally thinks of the financial side. **nuptial**: "marriage."

25. 185. **rout**: an eighteenth-century word for a large fashionable party. **interest**: "influence."

186. **backstairs**: *i.e.* with those behind the scenes, who have influence. The backstairs of a house led to the servants' quarters.

192. **places**: "appointments."

193. **his nicety**: *i.e.* his being too particular.

195. **expresse**: "express message"; French spelling.

196. **instamment**: *i.e.* instantly.

197. **instruction**: *i.e.* orders. **memorial**: *i.e.* petitions.

198. **von**: *i.e.* one.

199. **What an . . . department**: *i.e.* how much business he has to transact.

202. **breeding**: "good manners."

214. **endorsement**: signature written on the back of a bill, *i.e.* a promise to pay money; from Latin *dorsum*, the back.

**26.** 221. **pack-horse**: a horse for carrying packs. In the eighteenth century the pedlar with his pack-horse was still a familiar figure in country districts.

223. **his Grace**: the style used in speaking of a duke.

228. **commission**: *i.e.* document granting an appointment to an office.

229. **stale**: *i.e.* continually repeated.

233. **do him**: *i.e.* deal with him.

242. **the fair**: *i.e.* ladies, "the fair sex."

244. **devoted**: "employed."

245. **affairs**: "public life."

**27.** 249. **Waller**: the poet Edmund Waller (1606-87); he and Denham introduced the "correct" style of poetry, which was followed by Dryden and Pope. Waller is now known only for a lyric or two, such as "Go, lovely rose."

250. **the house**: *i.e.* the House of Commons.

253. **the ancients**: *i.e.* the classical writers of Greece and Rome.

257. **land-carriage fishery**: *i.e.* the then topical question of how to bring fish to London by road.

258. **stamp act**: an Act of Parliament imposing Stamp duties. **jag-hire**: a grant of land, or of the rent derived from it. It is the Englishing of an Indian word, which had come into use on account of the dispute between Clive and the directors of the East India Company. The development of English interests in India in the eighteenth century made Indian affairs in Goldsmith's day a theme both of political and general discussion.

266. **bespatter**: "abuse."

267. **levees**: receptions held in the morning (originally while dressing) by people of importance.

268-9. **Measures, not men**: a cant political phrase of the day.

276. **Duke of Brentford:** there has never been a duke with this title.

279. **scouts them:** *i.e.* dominates his audience.

28. 282. **want assurance:** "lack self-confidence."

283. **solicit:** "make requests."

284. **in bronze:** *i.e.* as firm as a figure done in bronze; brazen. **apropos:** "for an instance of that"; literally "to the purpose" (French).

289. **borough interest:** *i.e.* influence in securing the return of members of parliament. Politics of the time were so corrupt that it became customary to speak of "pocket-boroughs," *i.e.* boroughs whose representation lay in the power of wealthy men, who could secure the election of their nominees.

298. **understrappers:** "underlings."

300. **a fine solicitor:** "a good one to advance a request"; said ironically.

315. **last new comedy:** probably Goldsmith had no particular play in mind. Actually it was Kelly's *False Delicacy*; see Introd., page xiv.

29. 317. **groom-porter:** *i.e.* costermonger; up till George III.'s reign a groom-porter was properly a royal official in control of card-playing, etc., at court.

333. **indelicacy:** *i.e.* lack of modesty.

337. **attention:** *i.e.* care.

346. **content:** *i.e.* contentment, happiness. **for:** *i.e.* to make up for.

30. 351. **a supposed child:** *i.e.* one whom he supposes to be his child.

355. **private:** "secret."

362. **have power:** *i.e.* can influence.

373. **confirm:** "make sure."

375. **decorums:** *i.e.* the proper appearance.

31. 383. **sensible:** "aware."

384. **partiality:** "favour."

387. **hussy:** a corruption of "house-wife," used with rough good-humour.

397. **steal a match:** *i.e.* marry secretly.

406. **consequence:** "importance."

408. **a thaw:** *i.e.* when the ground will be soft enough to make burial possible.

413. **but justice:** "only what I deserve."

**32.** 422. **transport:** *i.e.* great happiness; cp. the expression "transports of joy," *i.e.* ecstasies of joy. As a result of Croaker's calling her "indeed my daughter," Olivia is now sure that he knows that she is not really his daughter and that she wants to marry Leontine, and so become his daughter-in-law.

434. **native honour:** *i.e.* the honour that is natural (native) to him.

441. **the life he gave, etc.:** *i.e.* he was not nearly so blessed in being born his father's son, as he is now in being given Olivia as his wife.

444. **tragedy face:** *i.e.* face like that of an actor in a tragedy. **flourishing:** *i.e.* full of flourishes, or gestures (his kneeling).

**33.** 454. **rhodomontade:** for *rodomontade*, "exaggerated," from the name of a boastful character in the Italian poet Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (1516-32).

474. **the writings:** *i.e.* the marriage settlement.

**34.** 479. **foresee anything:** "have any premonition of evil."

494. **relieve our uneasinesses:** "remove our anxieties."

## ACT III.

**35.** 2. **disparagement:** "belittling."

3. **go:** "bet."

4. **more genteeler:** see Introd., page xiii.; the two comparatives are a "low" way of speaking.

5. **practice:** *i.e.* line of business.

20. **capus:** a writ for a person's arrest; properly "capias."

**36.** 29. **perjure myself:** *i.e.* break the oath I have sworn.

33. **discharge this trifle:** "pay off this small debt."

38. **maxum:** a vulgar pronunciation of *maxim*.

58. **with humanity:** *i.e.* in a kindly, humane way.

**37.** 71. **set in case:** *i.e.* suppose (put the case that).

74. **seedy:** "shabby."

75. **smoke:** slang for "notice."

91. **rabbit me:** a vulgar oath, similar in origin to *drat it*, which is a slurring of *od rat it* (od = God).

**38.** 94. **a prettier scout, etc.:** one who is more expert at tracking down a debtor.

95. **shy-cock**: a shy bird, *i.e.* a debtor who is shy of facing his creditors. *The four counties* are those that adjoin London, *i.e.* Surrey, Middlesex, Kent, and Essex. **scents**: "follows the scent."

97. **Queen of Morocco**: probably a character in a puppet-show based on an old play, Settle's *Empress of Morocco* (1681). **circuit weather**: *i.e.* weather for a judge to go on his circuit from one court to another.

121. **you officers**: see **41.** 221.

**39.** 128. **the Fleet**: Honeywood is still playing on words; here he wants the Fleet prison to be mistaken for the navy.

131. **of wit**: "intelligent enough."

135. **Hawke**: Admiral Lord Hawke (1705-81), a popular hero in 1759 for his defeat of a French fleet in Quiberon Bay. **Amherst**: Field-Marshall Lord Amherst (1717-97), a successful general against the French in Canada; he was in command when Wolfe stormed Quebec in 1759.

142. **parle-vous**: from the French *parlez-vous*, do you speak?

149. **severity**: "strictness"; French criticism tended to be more dogmatic than English as to rules writers should obey. From about 1660 French literary influence upon English writers had been considerable.

151. **taste**: "appreciate."

153. **monseers**: a vulgar pronunciation of *monsieur*, with *s* added instead of the French plural *messieurs*.

156. **rising**: *i.e.* in price.

**40.** 165. **rapacity**: "greed."

170. **all my eye**: slang for "nonsense."

174. **arrogating**: "claiming unduly."

177. **habus corpus**: a vulgar pronunciation of *habeas corpus*, a writ requiring a prisoner to be brought before a judge; it means "thou mayest have the body."

181. **person**: "body."

183. **nabbed**: slang for "arrested."

189. **censuring**: "condemning."

**41.** 193. **by the elevens**: the origin of this phrase is not known.

214. **if I must**: *i.e.* go first (in leaving the room).

216. **before and behind**: *i.e.* one bailiff in front of, and one behind Honeywood.

**42.** 236. **reclaim**: *i.e.* reform him, make him see the error of his ways.

239. **softer passion:** "gentler emotion."

241. **sound:** "learn the extent of"; cp. measuring depth at sea by taking soundings.

244. **enlarged:** "set free"; cp. to be at large.

249. **apprised of:** "informed about."

254. **impeaching:** "making accusations against."

**43.** 258. **bounty:** "charity," "generosity."

260. **pretend . . . to:** "lay claim to."

264. **splendid:** *i.e.* virtues that sound noble and impressive.

267. **gainer:** as Miss Richland only knows him as "the person (with) . . . some demands upon" Honeywood, she takes Sir William to be a moneylender.

277. **amiable:** "worthy of admiration."

289. **trying my interest:** "using my influence in an attempt."

291-2. **been your solicitor:** *i.e.* pressed your claims.

**44.** 306. **my chariot:** the carriage is not Lofty's, but he changes *the* to *my* to give the impression that it is.

307. **chair:** *i.e.* the sedan chair of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which was a small closed-in apartment carried on poles by two men.

310. **shown:** "introduced."

318. **the list:** *i.e.* the subscription list.

320. **the lower house:** *i.e.* the House of Commons.

**45.** 327. **impracticable:** "unmanageable."

348. **toast-master:** official who announces the toasts to be drunk at a dinner.

352. **choice spirit:** a Shakespearian phrase used ironically of self-styled wits.

354. **have reason:** *i.e.* to be grateful.

**46.** 360. **a marching regiment:** a regiment without fixed headquarters, liable to serve anywhere. (N.E.D.)

361. **a consequence of form:** *i.e.* an impressive presence.

367. **First Lord of the Treasury:** the Lords of the Treasury are high state officials in Parliament, who are in charge of the national finances; the office of First Lord is now usually held by the Prime Minister.

**368. an employment in you:** "an office, the appointment to which is in your hands."

369. **do me here**, etc.: *i.e.* you do for me what I want, and I do for you what you want.

370. **flat**: "settled."

381. **signal**: "particular."

383. **despatch**: "haste."

**47.** 396. **Pensacola**: a port in Florida ceded to Great Britain by Spain in 1763.

409. **a debate at midnight**: a Parliamentary debate still proceeding at midnight would generally be one in which feeling ran high and tempers became frayed as the night advanced. **constitutional**: "in harmony with the Constitution"; Lofty is playing on his allusion to Parliament.

416. **hopeful**: "bright," said ironically.

418-19. **those employed . . . beauty**: *i.e.* beauty preparations for the face, etc.

**48.** 426. **gotten**: now only in American.

431. **clandestine**: "secret."

453. **land of matrimony**: *i.e.* Scotland; so called because of Gretna Green marriages.

**49.** 459-60. **indifferent to**: *i.e.* without affection for.

## ACT IV.

**50.** 2. **defiles**: "narrow passes."

4. **husband out**, etc.: *i.e.* deal them out (in his talk) sparingly. To *husband* anything is to be economical with it.

6. **Court Register**: *i.e.* list of appointments.

11. **abroad**: out of doors, and hence "free."

12. **concurrence**: *i.e.* collaboration, help.

13. **put . . . in a train**: *i.e.* made arrangements; the phrase arises from the practice of laying a train of gunpowder in preparation for exploding a charge. The phrase is now "in train."

**51.** 32. **rent-roll**: "income."

55. **cavalierly**: "discourteously."

57. **parade**: *i.e.* protestation of gratitude.

**52.** 64. **oblivion**: the state of being forgotten.

73. **bagatelle**: "trifle."

84. **interest**: "influence."

**53.** 95. **do you know . . . to:** Honeywood means, "Don't you know I am in love with her myself?"

110. **distressed himself:** *i.e.* put himself to great inconvenience.

111. **fondling:** "cherished," now archaic; cp. "to fondle."

**54.** 136. **miff:** "a small quarrel, tiff."

147. **bout:** "turn, time."

151. **upon the City:** *i.e.* on the financiers in the city of London.

152. **rush:** a reed; cp. not worth a straw.

153. **pin up . . . it:** *i.e.* use the bill as a curling-paper.

**55.** 159. **cork jacket:** a jacket made of cork to give support in the water.

**56.** 200. **soft and fair:** *i.e.* take things quietly.

213. **dilatory:** "slow."

218. **shaved:** Jarvis refers to the extortionate charges they will have to pay at inns; **by the way:** *i.e.* on the road.

**57.** 229. **Bedlam:** Bedlam was the common name for the hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, a madhouse, which in Goldsmith's day was in Moorfields, but in 1815 was removed to Lambeth, whence it was transferred a few years ago into the country.

237. **combustibles:** inflammable substances.

240. **genuine incendiary spelling:** *i.e.* in exactly the kind of spelling used in threatening letters written by fire-raisers.

241. **cramp:** *i.e.* cramped, the letters crowded together.

245. **experetion:** for "expedition."

246. **blown up:** *i.e.* ruined, brought to an end.

**58.** 253. **takes wind:** *i.e.* becomes known. **the house,** etc.: Garnet means everyone in the house will be in a rage.

255. **the earthquake at Lisbon:** see **11.** 295 and note.

275. **insensible crew:** "unfeeling family."

279. **mad dogs:** fear of hydrophobia gave rise to periodical scares in Goldsmith's day. Goldsmith made fun of it in his essay "The Fear of Mad Dogs ridiculed," and in his humorous verse "Elegy on the death of a mad dog," which ends: "the man recovered from the bite—the dog it was that died."

**59.** 289. **matches:** *i.e.* lighted torches.

299. **particular:** *i.e.* to show particular interest in me.

312. **rally:** "chaff."

**60.** 344. **precipitate:** "too sudden."

**61.** 360. **sensible**: "aware."

368. **formed**: "imagined."

383. **economist**: "manager."

**62.** 399. **trumpery**: "rubbish," "nonsense."

400. **the house of Loretto**: a shrine at Loretto in the north-east of Italy, much visited by pilgrims as being originally the house of the Virgin Mary miraculously transferred there from Nazareth.

402. **house of correction**: *i.e.* reformatory.

**63.** 422. **in the rogue's place**: murder was not the only crime punished by hanging in the eighteenth century; arson (setting fire to places), theft, and forgery were among the crimes for which people could be hanged.

**64.** 453. **rattle**: *i.e.* the noise made by a rattlesnake.

482. **masked battery**: *i.e.* hidden guns.

**65.** 490-91. **universal . . . nature**: Honeywood has transformed the proverb which says that "self-preservation is the first law of nature."

493. **a hydra**: Hydra was a monstrous snake of Greek mythology. As soon as one of its many heads was cut off, another grew in its place. The killing of it was one of the Labours of Hercules.

## ACT V.

**66.** 2. **post-chaise**: a carriage hired from stage to stage of a journey, or driven by post-horses, that is horses changed at each stage.

17. **jump with**: "agree with."

24. **the Lamb**: *i.e.* the inn has separate rooms, known as the Lamb, Dolphin, and Angel respectively.

**67.** 25. **outrageous**: "very impatient."

35. **raspberry**: *i.e.* raspberry-wine.

40. **turn out**: "prove successes."

43. **cellars**: "inns."

44. **Hedge-lane**: a long narrow thoroughfare beginning a little north of what is now Trafalgar Square and running north to Oxford Street. Writing in 1848, when it had been rebuilt and had changed its name, Leigh Hunt spoke of its having been "a heap of squalidity."

53. **protested**: *i.e.* refused payment.

**68.** 66. **nosegay**: referring to the scent of the wine, for which the word *bouquet* is now used.

**69.** 89. **in employment**: "busy, occupied."

98. **repining**: "fretting."

103. **most shockingly**: "very disagreeable and frightening."

**70.** 135. **griefs**: "troubles, anxieties."

142. **have satisfaction**: Leontine means he will challenge Honeywood to a duel.

146. **guilt**: *i.e.* if the suggested duel proved fatal.

**71.** 171. **aggravate**: "make worse"; the literal meaning of the word is "to add to the weight" of something, from Latin *gravis*, heavy.

178. **common**: *i.e.* shared by all; cp. "by common consent."

179. **fallacious**: "deceitful."

**72.** 188-9. **has . . . in his face**: *i.e.* he looks a villain that deserves hanging.

201. **jesuitical**: see note to **9.** 210.

**73.** 231. **not so bad**, etc.: this is not clear. Is Croaker not so bad as to hurt her, or Olivia not so bad as to deserve it? Probably he means that to hurt even a hair of her head would be too bad.

**74.** 266. **of the West**: *i.e.* whose seat is in the West of England.

268. **mercenary**: see note to **14.** 392.

**75.** 285. **obstinate man**, etc.: *i.e.* Leontine. **outrage**: *i.e.* insults.

288. **assiduity**: "constant attention."

289. **approbation**: "approval."

**76.** 332. **intelligence**: "news."

333. **goes no farther**: *i.e.* is not to be passed on.

334. **spirits**: *i.e.* influential friends (whose names must be unknown). **board**: "committee"; cp. board of directors, Board of Trade.

339. **parry**: "ward off"; a term in fencing.

344. **Neverout**: *i.e.* a politician never out of office.

**77.** 345. **quietus**: *i.e.* not a word about it; an affected use from Latin meaning "quiet."

357. **Paoli**: General Pascal Paoli (1726-1807), patriotic leader of the Corsicans against Genoese oppression. He was well known in London, and Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, wrote of him in his *Account of Corsica* (1768). Goldsmith met him in 1773.

358. **Marquis of Squilachi**: a Spanish minister, by birth an Italian, who was held responsible for serious riots in Madrid in 1766.

359. **Count Poniatowski**: Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski (1732-98), elected Stanislaus II. of Poland in 1764.

366. **mortifying**: "humiliating."

376. **let me die**: *i.e.* of laughter.

**78.** 390. **Lord Buzzard**: named after a kind of falcon.

399. **discomposed**: "upset," "out of humour."

402. **ins and outs**: *i.e.* by all politicians, both in and out of office.

403. **Gazetteer**: see note to **11.** 293.

404. **St. James's**: *St. James's Chronicle*, founded in 1761; it ran till 1866. **Wildman's**: one of the best-known coffee-houses.

405. **Merchant-Tailors' Hall**: the hall of the wealthy City company of Merchant Taylors.

406. **addresses**: *i.e.* formal petitions, messages, etc., to great people. **my head**: *i.e.* portrait. **print-shops**: *i.e.* shops selling prints or engravings.

**79.** 421. **discovering**: *i.e.* uncovering, showing. **ensigns of the Bath**: *i.e.* insignia of the Order of the Bath.

424. **genius**: guardian spirit.

432. **pillory**: a place in which certain offenders against the law were publicly exposed; it consisted of a wooden frame at the top of a pole, the victim's head and hands being thrust through holes in the frame.

439. **boding**: "foreboding."

**80.** 456. **crossing the Tweed**: *i.e.* going to Scotland.

476. **prostitution**: "shameful misuse."

**81.** 483. **dissipated**: "squandered."

493. **enlargement**: "release," *i.e.* from the bailiffs.

495. **preferment**: "promotion."

## EPILOGUE.

**Mrs. Bulkley**: she played the part of Miss Richland in this play, and of Miss Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

**83.** 1. **puffing**: *i.e.* who puff up by advertisements. **caitiff**: "miserable"; an archaic word even in Goldsmith's day borrowed from French, and derived ultimately from Latin *captivus*, whence *captive*.

11. **in clover**: *i.e.* in prosperous retirement, like a horse put to pasture in a clover field.

13. **kick the straw:** probably continuing the metaphor of "in clover."

18. **Warwick-lane:** *i.e.* the College of Physicians situated there, and at that time divided by a dispute.

19. **manager:** George Colman; see Introd., page xii.

20. **forte:** "strong point." **Covent-garden:** see Introd., page xii.

23. **wight:** "man"; an archaic word used humorously.

84. 32. **To 'bide . . . storm:** from Shakespeare's *King Lear*, III. iv. 29.

33. **candid:** in the obsolete sense of "favourably disposed." The line is adapted from Pope's "Laugh where we must, be candid where we can" (*Essay on Man*, I. 15).

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# INTRODUCTION.

## I.—The Author.

**1. Goldsmith's Life and Works.**—The Goldsmiths were English by ancestry; but they had been long settled in Ireland when Oliver was born in the remote village of Pallas in County Longford, on November 10th, 1728. His father was then a poor Protestant clergyman; but his fortune was improved in 1730 by the grant of the living of West Kilkenny. He then moved his family to the village of Lissoy, where they had a respectable house and farm. Oliver was, however, brought up in fairly narrow circumstances, for he was the fifth child of eight, of whom two died young, and his father had little worldly wisdom in money matters.

At six, Oliver was sent to the village school kept by Thomas Byrne, the original of the schoolmaster in the *Deserted Village*. Byrne was the retired quartermaster of an Irish regiment, and from him Oliver probably learnt little, but was delighted with his tales of soldiering, Irish legends, and fairy lore. Yet his childhood was not a very happy one. At this school he caught smallpox, and the ugly marks it left on his face made him a butt for coarse jokes, which cruelly hurt his sensitive nature. At the other schools to which he went later he learnt more; but his ugliness and awkwardness were against him, and he was looked on as " a stupid, heavy blockhead, little better than a fool, whom everyone made fun of."

Nor was he happier when, in 1744, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. A sizar was one who was admitted at reduced fees in return for doing such menial tasks as sweeping floors and waiting at table; and Oliver found these duties almost intolerable. Moreover, he had

a coarse and brutal teacher, and he hated mathematics. Thus it is little wonder that he did not put his heart into his studies, but idled his time away. The death of his father in 1747 left him penniless; and though his uncle Contarine sometimes helped him, on occasion he had even to pawn his books. Now and again he wrote ballads and sold them to a beggar to sing, and he would steal out of college at night to hear them sung. With what little money he had he was generous to a fault; for his own misery never made him insensitive to that of others.

Having gained his degree of B.A. in 1749, Goldsmith returned to his mother's home at Ballymahon, and spent two happy years helping in the village school, spending cheerful evenings of song and story-telling at the village inn, and walking about the countryside. Intended, against his will, for the ministry, he was waiting until old enough to be ordained. But the bishop rejected him; and so he thought of emigrating. Then, being given money by Mr. Contarine so that he could study for the law, he squandered it at cards. His uncle, however, forgave him, and in 1752 sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. There he seems to have worked; but his chief fame was as a singer and a teller of humorous stories.

Next came his tour of the Continent. He sailed from Scotland in 1754, studied at Leyden, went through Flanders, stayed in Paris, visited Germany and Switzerland, and ended in Italy, whence he returned to England in 1756. At some Continental university—which one is uncertain—he obtained a medical degree. He supported himself by his flute and his songs, like George in the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

He was penniless when he reached London; but he had gained a rich storehouse of first-hand knowledge and experience that was to stand him in good stead as a writer. First, however, he tried various jobs—as a chemist's assistant, as a poor man's doctor, and as an assistant at a school in Peckham. The drudgery and contempt of the last were proving too much for him, when, in 1757, he met

Griffiths, the publisher of the *Monthly Review*, and was taken on by him as one of his hack-writers.

For the next few years he fought his way among the miserable, crowded ranks of those who were scribbling for a living. Once his courage failed him, and he thought of going abroad as a doctor; but he did not secure a post. So he kept on reviewing plays and books, and writing miscellaneous articles for periodicals. His first important separate publication was *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* (1759); but it is in the essays which he began to write in that year that his delightful genius first showed itself. It was a time of great activity in the field of periodical literature, and Goldsmith launched *The Bee*, a series of little essays, which appeared every week. In 1760 he contributed to the *Public Ledger* the essays later published separately as *The Citizen of the World*, which give him a place in the first rank of essayists.

The excellence of these essays was quickly recognised, and Goldsmith's worst days were over. In 1761 he made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, and he was one of the original members of the famous *Literary Club* founded by Reynolds, later Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1764. In 1764, too, Goldsmith published *The Traveller*, a long poem inspired by his Continental tour; Dr. Johnson said of it, "there had not been so fine a poem since Pope's time." Having thus shown himself to be one of the best essayists and poets of his day, he appeared in 1766 in the first rank of novelists with *The Vicar of Wakefield*. His comedy *The Good-Natured Man* was only fairly successful in 1768, but *She Stoops to Conquer* in 1773 won him undying fame as a dramatist. Meanwhile *The Deserted Village* (1770) had enhanced his reputation as a poet.

In spite of his success, Goldsmith remained to the end in embarrassed circumstances. As his reputation grew, he had no difficulty in getting work from publishers; in his last years he was quite well-paid for histories respectively of England, Rome, Greece, and Animated Nature. But however much money Goldsmith made, he spent more; he

gambled, he lived extravagantly, and he was open-handed to those in distress. Involved in debt by his spendthrift life, he overworked, and finally died of a fever in 1774, when still only forty-six years of age.

As a man Goldsmith is a most lovable figure despite his faults. All his hardships never crushed the gaiety out of him, nor made his kind heart less generous; his vanity had in it no streak of meanness; his follies hurt only himself. As a writer he was, in Johnson's words, "a very great man"; and on his works the same critic passed the judgment: *scribendi genus . . . nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*, "he touched no kind of writing which he did not adorn"; the words occur on the monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey erected at the expense of the Literary Club.

## II.—She Stoops to Conquer.

**2. Production.**—Goldsmith's patience was sorely strained before he secured the final production of *She Stoops to Conquer*. There had been trouble enough with his first play *The Good-Natured Man*; Colman, the manager of Covent Garden theatre, had quarrelled with his co-proprietor over the casting of one of the characters in that play, the production had been delayed, and before the rehearsals were over Colman had almost lost whatever faith in the play he had ever had. Nor had the reception of *The Good-Natured Man* been too good; it had run for ten consecutive nights, not a bad run in those days, and the fifth performance had been by royal command, but the later performances had dragged, and one scene had been voted "low" at the first performance, and had had to be omitted.

The omens were, therefore, not very favourable when in 1772 Goldsmith submitted to Colman his second comedy, which again rejected the sentimental manner. For month after month Colman kept the manuscript of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and would neither accept nor reject it. Gold-

smith's financial troubles became more and more pressing. At last in January 1773, when Colman had spent a year in failing to make up his mind, Goldsmith wrote to him: he had, he said, "a large sum of money to make up shortly," and he begged Colman to "take the play and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine."

Then Colman gave his promise that the play should be acted, but Goldsmith, piqued at the return of the manuscript with many criticisms scribbled on the blank leaves, sent the play to Garrick, the manager of Drury Lane. On Dr. Johnson's advice, however, he got it back again, and Johnson himself then tackled Colman. So Colman, as Johnson later said, "was prevailed on at last by much solicitation, *nay, a kind of force*, to bring it on."

Colman, thus urged on more or less against his will, was again gloomy, and predicted the failure of the play. The actors and actresses were infected by his gloom, and some refused to take the parts offered them. As for Colman, "he would not suffer a new scene to be painted for the play, refused to furnish even a new dress, and was careful to spread his forebodings as widely as he could." But Goldsmith's friends, and notably Dr. Johnson, rallied around him, and attended the rehearsals. On March 15th, 1773, the night of its performance, Johnson gathered Goldsmith's friends together at dinner in a tavern, and then they proceeded to the theatre, where, "quite the reverse to everybody's expectation," as one of the audience reported, "(the play) was received with the utmost applause." According to Cumberland, a rival dramatist, "all eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in a front row in a side box; and when he laughed everybody thought himself warranted to roar."

**3. Relation to the Comedy of its Time.**—There are three periods in the history of the English stage when plays of high literary merit as well as of adequate acting possibilities have been produced—first, the Elizabethan period

and the early years of the seventeenth century with the plays of Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others; second, the Restoration period (roughly 1660-1700) which produced the comedies of Congreve, Etherege, and Farquhar, and the high-pitched "heroic plays" of Dryden; third, the last forty or so years with the plays especially of Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, Sir James Barrie, and Noel Coward. But between the end of the Restoration period and the last years of the nineteenth century there lies a long barren period.

In the eighteenth century, after Farquhar's death in 1707, there were only two comic dramatists of the first class, Goldsmith and Sheridan, and their plays come in the years 1768 to 1779; in tragedy there were no dramatists of the first class in the eighteenth century, and while most people interested in good plays are acquainted with eighteenth-century comedy through the work of Goldsmith and Sheridan, eighteenth-century tragedies are now known only to students of literary history. As for the nineteenth century, it produced nothing really outstanding either in comedy or tragedy, until its last years.

This does not mean, of course, that the stage of the eighteenth century was necessarily in a bad way. It was an age of very good actors and actresses, and, whereas in the Restoration period the theatre had been frequented almost entirely by the Court and its adherents, the middle classes became a more and more prominent element in theatre audiences as the eighteenth century advanced. There was a steady increase, too, in the acting of Shakespeare, fostered notably by David Garrick, the century's greatest actor. And, all the time, there was a constant succession of new plays which pleased the audiences of the day. The trouble was, not that the stage was in a decline, but that the literary merit of the plays written for it was a low one. They were plays which good actors could make something of, and they suited the taste of the age, which, being a poor taste, helped to make the plays poor.

One of the main reasons why comedy in particular declined was that it fell under the blight of sentimentality. Restoration comedy had been of the kind which we call the "comedy of manners"; it was a realistic picture of contemporary life as lived for the most part by people of good social position but more than indifferent morals, whose virtues are no more than the wit and vivacity which still make these comedies sparkle despite the unpleasantness of the characters. But Jeremy Collier's fierce puritan attack on this kind of play in his pamphlet on *The Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* (1698) did much, together with other forces, to curb the indecency of the dramatists, and when the plays became more decent they became duller. Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem* (1707) was the last witty comedy of manners of high merit, and after it the reign of dullness set in, and, to make matters worse, upon dullness was added sentimentality.

A change in theatrical taste, naturally, does not take place in a day. Immorality grew slowly less and less, and the insidious mingling of sentiment was a gradual growth too. Steele, Addison's collaborator in *The Spectator*, was one of the first to try his hand at this new kind of sentimental comedy, and when he tells us that his aim was "to attempt a comedy that might be no improper entertainment in a Christian country," we get a very fair idea of what the new tendency was. So sentimental comedy took the boards, and it has been happily said that its method was deliberately to make "the pathetic treatment of a moral sentiment the basis of the action of a comic drama" —that is, it was not only sentimental but also moral, and not only moral, but moralising.

Although by about 1730 sentimental comedy was established as the vogue, it was not until about 1760 that it really drove other kinds of comedy from the stage. Instead, after 1730, there was a return to farce and burlesque—Fielding, later to write *Tom Jones* and his other novels, wrote several such plays. But from about 1760 sentimental comedy again took the lead, and it came to

stay. Playgoers went to weep rather than to laugh; everything was "genteel," and broad comedy was voted "low."

Hugh Kelly and Richard Cumberland were the most successful purveyors of this sickly theatrical fare. Cumberland's *West Indian* (1771) is typical: it provided a good-natured but ignorant young man, whose distresses in the toils of a bad London couple the audience could enjoy, until they had the satisfaction of seeing all come well for him, with a happy engagement, and a new-found father whom he did not know to be alive—the curtain goes down on father and son embracing, and the son begging his bride-to-be to correct him if she ever sees him going astray again.

It was before audiences who loved this kind of thing that Goldsmith's plays were presented. No wonder then that we read of Colman, when *The Good-Natured Man* was being rehearsed, that "the managerial face appears to have lengthened in exact proportion as the fun became broad"; no wonder the bailiff scene in that play had to be withdrawn ("language uncommonly low," said one of the newspaper critics); no wonder Colman hesitated to accept *She Stoops to Conquer*. But Goldsmith had the courage of his convictions, and Garrick ably backed him up in the Prologue which he wrote for *She Stoops* with its outspoken attack "on the mawkish drab of spurious breed who deals in *sentimentals*." And though he did not go out of his way in the play to ridicule the sentimental play, Goldsmith too had a few hits at it. Thus, "O damn everything that's low," says one of the fellows in the inn (**10.** 251), and he is answered with "The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time"; and Miss Hardcastle in her first interview with Marlow plays up to him in the "sober sentimental" vein (**29.** 257), and slyly calls him a "man of *sentiment*," and yet she too is in the fashion, for, according to Tony, she and Miss Neville "liked a book the better the more it made them cry," sentimental novels as well as sentimental plays being then plentiful.

But *She Stoops to Conquer* was too good a comedy for any audience, however sentimental, to reject. Perhaps the way had been prepared for it, too, by a puppet-show entitled *The Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens*, which made fun of sentimental comedy, and was very popular shortly before Goldsmith's play was produced. Moreover Goldsmith had been following up *The Good-Natured Man* with attacks on sentimental comedy in *The Westminster Magazine*.

Goldsmith's true comedies were followed by the genuine non-sentimental, witty comedies of Sheridan—*The Rivals* (1775) and *The School for Scandal* (1777). And in 1779 Sheridan went further in *The Critic*, in which he burlesqued the tragedies of the day with their tawdry trappings, rant, and sentiment, and inflicted a considerable injury on that type of tragedy. But neither the comedies of Goldsmith nor those of Sheridan could permanently wean the play-going public from sentimental comedy. Cumberland's plays, and others like them still remained popular, and so comedy, as far as literature is concerned, again ceased to exist outside the theatre, and it remained outside for a century.

**4. General Criticism.**—There can be no higher testimony to the enduring merits of *She Stoops to Conquer* than the fact that ever since 1773 it has continually been acted, and still makes us laugh heartily. It is full of broad, natural, unforced humour, and, though there is a touch of the farcical in it, the play as a whole is true comedy and not mere farce. The fun of a farce arises from ridiculous situations and incidents, and truth of characterisation and probability of plot are of little account. But here the humour is threefold: it flows from character, as well as from situation, and from incident, and it is in the characterisation that the richest humour lies.

That the characters are thus the main source of our amusement is one of the reasons why *She Stoops* is great literature as well as a good acting play. In the theatre the

comic situations and incidents perhaps make us laugh at least as much as the characters themselves do, but as for the humorous spectacle of the clumsy servants ready to wait at table, or of Mr. Hardcastle being treated as an innkeeper, or of Hastings when his friend tells him how the jewels are in "good hands," or of Mrs. Hardcastle at the bottom of the garden drenched in mud and terrified of the "highwayman"—these things, though they make us smile as we read, need to be seen for their full appreciation. So when we only read the play we miss something, but so we do if we only see it acted, for there is a good deal more in the characterisation than we can take in from the lips of the actors and actresses. Thus *She Stoops* illustrates the qualities necessary to a comedy which will defy time within and without the theatre—it must not only be excellent in stagecraft, but it must also be based on a true knowledge of human nature; it must live in the imagination as well as on the stage, and that it does supremely well in the person of Tony Lumpkin.

But though Tony is so outstanding, he is not alone; there is not one of the chief characters who is not vitally imagined by Goldsmith. The chief difference in characterisation between Tony and the others is that we see Tony more "in the round," and that he is more individually himself than the others are. The others are far from being mere types, but they can be more easily summed up in a word or two than can Tony, whose personality has more variety. Thus Mrs. Hardcastle is a familiar figure, the woman who loves fine clothes, and dislikes the country, and spoils her son; her kind has often been satirised. Her husband, too, with his love for "everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine" (and, he might have added, for his own old tales) has his like in many a novel and play. Young Marlow is the bashful young man of all time, with Hastings as a typical friend; and Hastings is in love with a girl, Miss Neville, who is living enough, but who, for want of more individuality, might have many a Constance like her.

In fact all these, while being well-drawn, are familiar figures of comedy, compared with whom Tony is a fresh creation: Tony is the kind of person whose name one inevitably remembers, whereas the other characters, even including Miss Hardcastle whom, like Tony, we see more "in the round," are the kind of people whose names slip from our memory, because we know other people more or less like them. Tony Lumpkin could have carried on his own broad shoulders even a play that was weak as a whole, and this play is not weak as a whole but strong in all its parts.

As for the observance of probability in the story of *She Stoops*, it is sufficient for a comedy such as this. Where the most important matter, truth of character, is observed, and where further the setting is substantially true to life, some latitude may readily be given to the dramatist in the working out of his comedy.

To mistake a country house for an inn may seem to-day a very improbable mistake, and in the seventeen-seventies it was very likely almost as improbable. But no doubt such a mistake was *possible*, and that is enough. At any rate, there is a tradition that Goldsmith himself, when a boy of sixteen in Ireland, made just such a mistake. Returning home from a visit with a guinea in his pocket, he lost the way, and was misdirected by a joker to the neighbouring squire's, where he was humoured in his mistake by the squire, his wife, and daughter. Not till he was about to part with his guinea in settling the bill next morning was he disillusioned—so goes the story.

What strikes one, in reading the play, as a greater improbability is young Marlow's failure to recognise Miss Hardcastle when she re-appears as the barmaid. It seems unlikely that, however bashfully he kept his eyes averted, and even though she was wearing a bonnet, the young man could have helped catching a glimpse of her face. Further, her changing her voice when she assumes the character of barmaid implies perhaps an unusual skill on Miss Hardcastle's part. And, if one is out to pick holes in the play,

one may say that the device of concealing the fact that Tony is over, and not under, twenty-one is rather a clumsy piece of work. But these, and any other "defects" one sees in the study, are simply not thought of in the theatre: most good plays have such "defects" if you look for them in the light of the cold printed version.

A notable merit of the play is its skilful blend of broad and light comedy. The scenes in which Miss Hardcastle appears with young Marlow, make an admirable foil to the rest. Our laughter is quite different as we see Miss Hardcastle conducting the "sober sentimental interview," or being vivacious as the barmaid, from our louder laughter when in Tony Lumpkin's company. Again the farcical scene in which Tony infuriates his mother with his "I can bear witness to that" when she discovers the loss of the jewels is an admirable variation in the broader fun. And yet again how welcome is Diggory, brief though his contribution of a broad rustic vein of humour is. In fact it would be hard to find in any comedy a more skilful and varied performance by the Comic Muse.

**5. Characters.**—Falstaff, Shakespeare's greatest comic character, truly says of himself, "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men," and a somewhat similar claim might be made for *Tony Lumpkin* We not only laugh at him, the uneducated young country squire who "whoops like a speaking-trumpet," and makes his first appearance hallooing—"a very consumptive figure, truly"—who puzzles his head over a letter, and stands crestfallen and sulky while young Marlow and Hastings abuse him as an "idiot," and "a contemptible booby"; but we also laugh with him as he fools his doting mother, mocking her over the lost jewels, and frightening her in the dark garden with his "Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket? . . . No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma"; and again, it is his mischief that makes most of the fun for us, and for the other characters in the play. Nor should we forget the

comedy of his pretended love-making to his cousin to throw dust in his mamma's eyes.

There are three main methods by which a dramatist can draw a character—by the words he puts in the character's own mouth, by the actions he makes the character perform, and by what he makes the other characters say of him. To these methods modern dramatists often add the device of more or less elaborate descriptions of dress, gesture, attitude, and so forth, given in brackets in the printed versions of their plays. In Goldsmith's day, however, the stage-directions were very brief, and a playwright relied, for the stage and the printed versions alike, almost entirely on the three methods first named, and of all three Goldsmith makes admirable use, and particularly in creating Tony Lumpkin.

Thus we can form a good picture of Tony from his own speech. Miss Neville among her playmates is "as loud as a hog in a gate," and Bet Bouncer would "make two of she"; he assures Hastings, "I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and maybe get you a part of her fortin besides"; and after the wild night-ride he says, "Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varmint." This broad, easy, ungrammatical talk with its rustic pronunciations is absolutely "in character." Further, the relish he has in describing Constance to Hastings (pages 33-4), reveals his rather crude but still good-natured sense of fun, while all the time his impudence, and occasional sulky sheepishness come out. And he is so frank about his very slyness that we cannot be cross with him: "If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse as often as I do?"

As for the revelation of Tony's character by his actions, his readily-devised tricks speak for themselves. In addition, however, there are other "actions," for his songs are as much illustrative actions as illustrative speech. So we see him singing *The Three Pigeons*, and as he goes off to get the jewels he sings "We are the boys that fears no

noise": both songs are fully "in character." Again his pretended courtship of his cousin is "action" in this sense, and shows him to be endowed with a good actor's talent.

As for Tony as the others see him, there is his mother's view of him, now as her "poor boy," now as a "great ill-fashioned oaf," now as her "dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy." Mr. Hardcastle tells us about his love of practical joking, and that the ale-house and the stable are the only schools in which Tony will learn anything; and Miss Neville admits he is "a good-natur'd creature at bottom."

So Tony Lumpkin is portrayed, as we said earlier, "in the round"—we see many aspects of him, and we see him in various lights, and there is not another character with so much solid flesh and blood in him in all eighteenth-century drama. Impudent, sly, provoking, generous, full of fun and high spirits, sulky, no ladies' man, but fonder of horses and cock-fighting and drinking than of any woman except Bet Bouncer—so let us leave him with his *fortin*, and, probably, with beautiful Bet of the "two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion." He will "show what it is to keep choice of company," and his "pleasant, broad, red thoughtless face" will shine as he knocks himself down for another song. It will be many a year before he really reaches years of discretion, and meantime he will remain "damned mischievous" with his love of practical jokes, and his motto will be "drink and be merry."

*Miss Hardcastle* is a delightful vivacious girl, but though Goldsmith draws her skilfully and convincingly so that, on the stage in particular, but also in the study, she is a living person, she has not that indefinable individuality that makes Tony Lumpkin or Mr. Pickwick or Falstaff almost seem people whom we have met in the flesh. Those great creations seem to have an independent life of their own—they live in our imaginations, while the lesser creations like Miss Hardcastle live only in the works in which they occur.

Kate Hardcastle, her father's pretty darling, with her love for French fashions, and her readiness to listen to any suitor who is young, brave, generous, and handsome, is just a typical girl of the eighteenth century, and perhaps of any time. Her reflections on this bashful young man, and her chatter with her friend are very natural. So far she is an easy rôle for an actress to play. But when Marlow appears, her part is a harder one to act, for then Kate reveals the personality which differentiates her from the typical young girl. Her adroit mending of Marlow's broken sentences shows her quick mind, and her sense of humour. She is a good judge of character, and instead of being merely bored by this dull tongue-tied young man of the downcast eyes she is stimulated to try her hand on him.

She tells her father that, whatever he may do, she is not going to take Marlow at his surface value, but naturally she is not so frank with him as she is with her maid. With the maid we see another side of her, and then again another side of her when Marlow begins to flirt with her under the impression she is a barmaid. So as the play develops she, like Tony Lumpkin, becomes more and more a real personality seen in various lights: she begins as any pleasant daughter and ends as definitely Kate Hardcastle—there may be a good many Kate Hardcastles, where there is only one Tony Lumpkin, but Kate, for all she may be regarded as a type within a type, does live as more than a mere type. Her natural manner masks a reserve of personality which comes to the surface only when she acts a part, for she would not act the part so well unless the possibilities were within her.

She will, as her father prophesies, make as good a wife as she has a daughter, but neither her husband nor her father will ever have known all there is in Kate. Nor probably will Marlow realise how well she manages him: the skilful way in which she "landed him" is a good omen for her management of a husband. No doubt there will be other occasions on which she will pretend to cry, as she

did when as a "poor relation" she hoped she had "done nothing to disoblige" him.

The personality of Kate Hardcastle is emphasised by the contrast of *Constance Neville.* She is much more of a type. When you have said she is a nice girl of some spirit, ready to elope if she cannot otherwise marry as she wishes, and to deceive her aunt in the same mood of resentment against her aunt's oppression, but equally ready, because she is a straightforward girl, to repent of her secrecy, you have said all there is to say of her. Her aunt is certainly spiteful when she says "Pshaw, pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel," but she is not far off the mark.

In *Mrs. Hardcastle* two familiar types of comic figure are combined: she is at once the extravagantly doting mother of a scapegrace son to perfection, and also the would-be fine lady of fashion, who deplores having to live in the country. Denied even an occasional trip to town "to take a month's polishing," she consoles herself by "enjoying London at second-hand" by means of the Scandalous Magazine, and by spoiling Tony. She has kept him from school on the ground of his imaginary poor health, which has given her the excuse for trying upon that robust rustic body all the medicines in her medical book—no doubt another form of consolation for her banishment from town. As aunt to Constance, she embodies even a third type, the oppressive aunt who tries to force her ward into an unwelcome marriage; and being thus three stock dramatic types in one she inevitably becomes the most farcical figure in the play. In common with her son she has plenty of spirit—there is nothing whining in her complaints and scolding; instead she "chokes with rage," and relieves herself in action.

*Mr. Hardcastle,* too, is a robust figure, and he needs to be with a wife like Mrs. Hardcastle, and a stepson like Tony. Forster, Goldsmith's biographer, says of him: "the

jovial old squire, with his love for everything that's old . . . is just the man to have his house mistaken for an inn; and the man to resent it too, with something festive and enjoying in the very robustness of his rage." He is a generous old fellow, too, as his attitude to Constance, and his ready forgiveness of the mistake show, and we might have guessed that, happy in the betrothal of his daughter, the method he would think of for its celebration would be "to gather all the poor of the parish about us." The strain of the moralising father in him is, of course, a common stage strain.

In the person of *Young Marlow* Goldsmith has drawn a type of figure which was a favourite with him. This bashful good-natured young man, who is easily deceived, and whom the mere company of a woman of his own class can immediately put out of countenance, has points in common with both Moses Primrose in *The Vicar of Wakefield* and Mr. Honeywood in *The Good-Natured Man*. All three, in fact, probably have a little of Goldsmith himself in them, particularly of the youthful Goldsmith, generous, awkward, and somewhat credulous. It is a type, too, which has something in common with the hero-type of sentimental comedy, for he is really one of the moral, sober young gentlemen at heart, who have some weakness or other to put them in trouble till things turn out happily in the end: in fact he is not very far from being a prig, but Goldsmith succeeds in making him likeable. His impudent confidence towards the "innkeeper" and his pose to the "barmaid" as a Rattle are reverse effects of the nervousness that in other circumstances makes him tongue-tied. There is hardly a thought in his head which is not conventional, and, while his friends will certainly think him a good fellow, those who do not like him will, with some justice, think he deserves caricature as "the Dullissimo Macaroni." He is just a nice young man with a taste for fancy waistcoats, and half-proud of his "Englishman's malady."

*Hastings* is just the kind of friend and lover the circumstances of the play require, and of him no more need be said.

If we name *Diggory* last, it is by no means because he is least. He speaks very few words, but, except Tony, no one in the play speaks so admirably. Rustic servants are stock comic figures, but only the rarest speak like Diggory. "Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I am as bauld as a lion." Diggory is of the same class as Churdles Ash in this century's true comedy *The Farmer's Wife* by Eden Philpotts.

## TO SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

DEAR SIR,

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear sir,

Your most sincere

Friend and admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

# SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER:

## OR,

# THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

---

*DRAMATIS PERSONAE.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sir Charles Marlow. | Diggory. |
| Young Marlow (*his Son*). | Mrs. Hardcastle. |
| Hardcastle. | Miss Hardcastle. |
| Hastings. | Miss Neville. |
| Tony Lumpkin. | Maid. |

*Landlord, Servants, etc., etc.*

## PROLOGUE

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

*Enter* Mr. Woodward, *dressed in black, and holding a Handkerchief to his Eyes.*

Excuse me, sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week!
'*Tis not alone this mourning suit*, good masters;
*I've that within*—for which there are no plasters!
Pray, would you know the reason why I'm crying?
The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a-dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop:
For as a player, I can't squeeze out one drop:
I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head.
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,

*Shuter* and *I* shall be chief mourners here.
To *her* a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in *sentimentals* will succeed !
Poor *Ned* and *I* are dead to all intents,
We can as soon speak *Greek* as *sentiments !*
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do ?—If Comedy forsake us !
*They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.*
But why can't I be moral ?—Let me try—
My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—
With a sententious look, that nothing means
(Faces are blocks, in sentimental scenes),
Thus I begin—*All is not gold that glitters,*
*Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.*
*When ignorance enters, folly is at hand;*
*Learning is better far than house and land.*
*Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,*
*And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble.*
I give it up—morals won't do for me;
To make you laugh I must play tragedy.
One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
A *doctor* comes this night to show his skill.
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
He, in *five draughts* prepar'd, presents a potion:
A kind of magic charm—for be assur'd,
If you will *swallow* it, the maid is cur'd.
But desperate the Doctor, and her case is,
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces !
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No *poisonous drugs* are mix'd in what he gives;
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
If not, within he will receive no fee !
The college *you,* must his pretentions back,
Pronounce him *regular,* or dub him *quack.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *A Chamber in an old-fashioned House.*

*Enter* MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* MR. HARDCASTLE.

*Mrs. Hard.* I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

*Hard.* Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ay, *your* times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of *them* for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master: and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

*Hard.* And I love it. I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy (*taking her hand*), you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

*Mrs. Hard.* Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothys and your old wifes. You may be a Darby, but I'll

be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

*Hard.* Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven!

*Mrs. Hard.* It's false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

*Hard.* Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught *him* finely!

*Mrs. Hard.* No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

*Hard.* Learning, quotha! A mere composition of tricks and mischief!

*Mrs. Hard.* Humour, my dear: nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

*Hard.* I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond! If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face!

*Mrs. Hard.* And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

*Hard.* Latin for him! A cat and fiddle! No, no, the ale-house and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to!

*Mrs. Hard.* Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

*Hard.* Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

*Mrs. Hard.* He coughs sometimes.

*Hard.* Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

*Mrs. Hard.* I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

*Hard.* And truly, so am I; for he sometimes whoops like

a speaking-trumpet—(*Tony hallooing behind the scenes.*)—O, there he goes.—A very consumptive figure, truly!

*Enter* TONY, *crossing the stage.*

*Mrs. Hard.* Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

*Tony.* I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

*Mrs. Hard.* You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear: you look most shockingly.

*Tony.* I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

*Hard.* Ay; the ale-house, the old place: I thought so.

*Mrs. Hard.* A low, paltry set of fellows.

*Tony.* Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang, the horse doctor, little Aminadab that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night, at least.

*Tony.* As for disappointing *them*, I should not much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint *myself!*

*Mrs. Hard.* (*detaining him*). You shan't go.

*Tony.* I will, I tell you.

*Mrs. Hard.* I say you shan't.

*Tony.* We'll see which is strongest, you or I.

[*Exit hauling her out.*

HARDCASTLE *alone.*

*Hard.* Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze, and French frippery, as the best of them.

*Enter* MISS HARDCASTLE.

*Hard.* Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dressed out as usual, my Kate! Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

*Miss Hard.* You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress, to please you.

*Hard.* Well, remember, I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by-the-bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

*Miss Hard.* I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

*Hard.* Then to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

*Miss Hard.* Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

*Hard.* Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

*Miss Hard.* Is he?

*Hard.* Very generous.

*Miss Hard.* I believe I shall like him.

*Hard.* Young and brave.

*Miss Hard.* I'm sure I shall like him.

*Hard.* And very handsome.

*Miss Hard.* My dear papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*), he's mine, I'll have him !

*Hard.* And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

*Miss Hard.* Eh ! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

*Hard.* On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

*Miss Hard.* He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

*Hard.* Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It is more than an even wager, he may not have *you.*

*Miss Hard.* My dear papa, why will you mortify one so ? —Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

*Hard.* Bravely resolved ! In the meantime I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

Miss Hardcastle *alone.*

*Miss Hard.* Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natur'd; I like all that. But then reserved and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I— But I vow I'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover !

*Enter* MISS NEVILLE.

*Miss Hard.* I'm glad you've come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

*Miss Neville.* Perfectly, my dear. Yet, now I look again —bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the goldfishes? Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving?

*Miss Hard.* No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover!

*Miss Neville.* And his name——

*Miss Hard.* Is Marlow.

*Miss Neville.* Indeed!

*Miss Hard.* The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

*Miss Neville.* As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, *my* admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

*Miss Hard.* Never.

*Miss Neville.* He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive: but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me?

*Miss Hard.* An odd character, indeed! I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? Has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

*Miss Neville.* I have just come from one of our agreeable *tête-à-têtes.* She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

*Miss Hard.* And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation.

Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

*Miss Neville.* A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

*Miss Hard.* My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

*Miss Neville.* It is a good-natur'd creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. *Allons!* Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

*Miss Hard. Would it were bed-time and all were well.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An Alehouse Room. Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco.* TONY *at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest: a mallet in his hand.*

*Omnes.* Hurrea, hurrea, hurrea, bravo!

*First Fellow.* Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The Squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

*Omnes.* Ay, a song, a song.

*Tony.* Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

*Let school-masters puzzle their brain,*
*With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;*
*Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,*
*Gives* genus *a better discerning.*
*Let them brag of their Heathenish Gods,*
*Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians,*

*Their Quis, and their Quaes, and their Quods,*
*They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.*
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll !

*When Methodist preachers come down,*
*A-preaching that drinking is sinful,*
*I'll wager the rascals a crown,*
*They always preach best with a skinful.*
*But when you come down with your pence*
*For a slice of their scurvy religion,*
*I'll leave it to all men of sense,*
*But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.*
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll !

*Then come, put the jorum about,*
*And let us be merry and clever,*
*Our hearts and our liquors are stout,*
*Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.*
*Let some cry up woodcock or hare,*
*Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons:*
*But of all the birds in the air,*
*Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.*
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll !

*Omnes.* Bravo, bravo !

*First Fellow.* The Squire has got spunk in him.

*Second Fellow.* I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's *low*.

*Third Fellow.* O damn anything that's *low*, I cannot bear it !

*Fourth Fellow.* The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time. If so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

*Third Fellow.* I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes—"Water Parted," or the minuet in "Ariadne."

*Second Fellow.* What a pity it is the Squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

*Tony.* Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

*Second Fellow.* O, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county.

*Tony.* Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

*Enter* LANDLORD.

*Landlord.* There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

*Tony.* As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

*Landlord.* I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

*Tony.* Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob.*

TONY *alone.*

*Tony.* Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can!

*Enter* LANDLORD, *conducting* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

*Marlow.* What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore!

*Hastings.* And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us enquire more frequently on the way.

*Marlow.* I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

*Hastings.* At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

*Tony.* No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been enquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

*Hastings.* Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

*Tony.* Nor the way you came?

*Hastings.* No, sir, but if you can inform us——

*Tony.* Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

*Marlow.* We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

*Tony.* Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

*Marlow.* That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

*Tony.* No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

*Hastings.* We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

*Tony.* The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of!

*Marlow.* Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

*Tony.* He-he-hem—then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

*Hastings.* Unfortunate !

*Tony.* It's a damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's. (*Winking upon the Landlord.*) Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

*Landlord.* Master Hardcastle's ! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong ! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

*Marlow.* Cross down Squash Lane ?

*Landlord.* Then you were to keep straight forward, until you came to four roads.

*Marlow.* Come to where four roads meet ?

*Tony.* Ay, but you must be sure to take only one of them.

*Marlow.* O, sir, you're facetious !

*Tony.* Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

*Marlow.* Zounds, man ! we could as soon find out the longitude !

*Hastings.* What's to be done, Marlow ?

*Marlow.* This house promises but a poor reception, though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate us.

*Landlord.* Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

*Tony.* And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our

landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with——three chairs and a bolster? 370

*Hastings.* I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

*Marlow.* And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

*Tony.* You do, do you?—then let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

*Hastings.* O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however. 377

*Landlord* (*apart to Tony*). Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

*Tony.* Mum, you fool, you. Let *them* find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you. 384

*Hastings.* Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

*Tony.* No, no: but I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace! 392

*Landlord.* A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but 'a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

*Marlow.* Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say? 397

*Tony.* No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum!

*Landlord.* Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—— damned mischievous son of a whore. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE. *An old-fashioned House.*

*Enter* HARDCASTLE, *followed by three or four awkward* Servants.

*Hard.* Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

*Omnes.* Ay, ay.

*Hard.* When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

*Omnes.* No, no.

*Hard.* You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind *my* chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

*Diggory.* Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

*Hard.* You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

*Diggory.* By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly

absence of manners,



unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

*Hard.* Blockhead! Is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

*Diggory.* Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

*Hard.* Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

*Diggory.* Then, ecod, your worship you must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me! We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

*Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please (*to* DIGGORY)—Eh, why don't you move?

*Diggory.* Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

*Hard.* What, will nobody move?

*First Servant.* I'm not to leave this pleace.

*Second Servant.* I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

*Third Servant.* Nor mine for sartain.

*Diggory.* Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

*Hard.* You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O, you dunces! I find I must begin all over again.—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads! I'll go in the meantime and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate.

[*Exit Hardcastle.*

*Diggory.* By the elevens, my pleace is gone quite out of my head!

*Roger.* I know that my pleace is to be everywhere!

*First Servant.* Where the devil is mine?

*Second Servant.* My pleace is to be nowhere at all; and so I'se go about my business!

[*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frighted, different ways.*

*Enter* Servant *with Candles, showing in* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

*Servant.* Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

*Hastings.* After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique but creditable.

*Marlow.* The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

*Hastings.* As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly.

*Marlow.* Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns, you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns, you are fleeced and starved.

*Hastings.* You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

*Marlow.* The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother. But among females of another class, you know—

*Hastings.* Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience !

*Marlow.* They are of *us*, you know.

*Hastings.* But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

*Marlow.* Why, man, that's because I *do* want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

*Hastings.* If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the barmaid of an inn, or even a college bedmaker—

*Marlow.* Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle. But to me, a modest woman, dressed out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

*Hastings.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry !

*Marlow.* Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad, staring question of, *madam, will you marry me?* No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you !

*Hastings.* I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father ?

*Marlow.* As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low. Answer yes, or no, to all her demands.—But for the rest, I

don't think I shall venture to look in her face, till I see my father's again.

*Hastings.* I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

*Marlow.* To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you, as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

*Hastings.* My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent and her own inclination.

*Marlow.* Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward unprepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's apprentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury Lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

*Enter* HARDCASTLE.

*Hard.* Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

*Marlow* (*aside*). He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To Hastings.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

*Hard.* I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

*Hastings.* I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

*Hard.* Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

*Marlow.* Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

*Hard.* Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison——

*Marlow.* Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

*Hard.* He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

*Hastings.* I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

*Hard.* I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

*Marlow.* The girls like finery.

*Hard.* Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. "Now," says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks; "I'll pawn my Dukedom," says he, "but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood!" So——

*Marlow.* What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

*Hard.* Punch, sir!——(*Aside.*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with!

*Marlow.* Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know.

*Hard.* Here's a cup, sir.

*Marlow* (*aside*). So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

*Hard.* (*taking the cup*). I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is our better acquaintance! [*Drinks.*

*Marlow* (*aside*). A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

*Hastings* (*aside*). I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

*Marlow.* From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose?

*Hard.* No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business *for us that sell ale.*

*Hastings.* So, then you have no turn for politics, I find.

*Hard.* Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about *Heyder Ally, Ally Cawn,* than about *Ally Croker.* Sir, my service to you.

*Hastings.* So that, with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

*Hard.* I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

*Marlow* (*after drinking*). And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

*Hard.* Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

*Marlow* (*aside*). Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

*Hastings.* So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*

*Hard.* Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

*Marlow.* Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

*Hard.* For supper, sir!——(*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

*Marlow.* Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

*Hard.* (*aside*). Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why, really, sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cookmaid, settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

*Marlow.* You do, do you?

*Hard.* Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

*Marlow.* Then I beg they'll admit *me* as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

*Hard.* O, no, sir, none in the least; yet, I don't know how: our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

*Hastings.* Let's see your list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

*Marlow* (*to Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise*). Sir, he's very right, and it's my way, too.

*Hard.* Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

*Hastings* (*aside*). All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

*Marlow* (*perusing*). What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

*Hastings.* But let's hear it.

*Marlow* (*reading*). For the first course at the top, a pig, and prune sauce.

*Hastings.* Damn your pig, I say!

*Marlow.* And damn your prune sauce, say I!

*Hard.* And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with prune sauce, is very good eating.

*Marlow.* At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains.

*Hastings.* Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

*Marlow.* Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

*Hard.* (*aside*). Their impudence confounds me. (*To them.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

*Marlow.* Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

*Hastings.* Confound your made dishes, I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

*Hard.* I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

*Marlow.* Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

*Hard.* I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

*Marlow.* Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

*Hard.* I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

*Marlow.* You see I'm resolved on it.—(*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

*Hard.* Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you.—(*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle.*

HASTINGS *alone.*

*Hastings.* So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

*Enter Miss* NEVILLE.

*Miss Neville.* My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune? to what accident am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

*Hastings.* Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

*Miss Neville.* An inn! sure you mistake! my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

*Hastings.* My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow whom we accidentally met at a house hard by directed us hither.

*Miss Neville.* Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often, ha! ha! ha! ha! 352

*Hastings.* He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

*Miss Neville.* You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

*Hastings.* Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and then if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected. 366

*Miss Neville.* I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India Director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours. 374

*Hastings.* Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution. 379

*Miss Neville.* But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?—This, this way——[*They confer.*

*Enter* MARLOW.

*Marlow.* The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to

leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us, too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family.—What have we got here?

*Hastings.* My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted? 391

*Marlow.* Cannot guess.

*Hastings.* Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stept into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh! 398

*Marlow* (*aside*). I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

*Hastings.* Well! but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world? 403

*Marlow.* Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter——But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder——What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?——To-morrow at her own house——It will be every bit as convenient——And rather more respectful——To-morrow let it be. [*Offering to go.*

*Miss Neville.* By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her. 413

*Marlow.* O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

*Hastings.* Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know. 419

*Marlow.* And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter!

*Enter* MISS HARDCASTLE, *as returned from walking, a bonnet, etc.*

*Hastings* (*introducing them*). Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

*Miss Hard.* (*aside*). Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir——I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

*Marlow.* Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

*Hastings* (*to him*). You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

*Miss Hard.* I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

*Marlow* (*gathering courage*). I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

*Miss Neville.* But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

*Hastings* (*to him*). Cicero never spoke better. Once more and you are confirmed in assurance for ever.

*Marlow* (*to him*). Hem! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

*Miss Hard.* An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

*Marlow.* Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

*Hastings* (*to him*). Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and

Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

*Marlow.* Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. (*To him.*) Zounds! George, sure you won't go? How can you leave us? 461

*Hastings.* Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (*To him.*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own.

[*Exeunt.*

*Miss Hard.* (*after a pause*). But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir. The ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses. 467

*Marlow* (*relapsing into timidity*). Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

*Miss Hard.* And that some say is the very worst way to obtain them.

*Marlow.* Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex.—— But I'm afraid I grow tiresome. 474

*Miss Hard.* Not at all sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself: I could hear it for ever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of *sentiment* could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart. 479

*Marlow.* It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish for—um-a-um.

*Miss Hard.* I understand you, sir. There must be some, who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting. 485

*Marlow.* My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a——

*Miss Hard.* (*aside*). Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions. (*To him.*) You were going to observe, sir—— 490

*Marlow.* I was observing, madam——I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

*Miss Hard.* (*aside*). I vow and so do I. (*To him.*) You

were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir.

*Marlow.* Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy, there are few who upon strict enquiry do not—a—a—a——

*Miss Hard.* I understand you perfectly, sir.

*Marlow* (*aside*). Egad ! and that's more than I do myself !

*Miss Hard.* You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

*Marlow.* True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

*Miss Hard.* Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force ——pray, sir, go on.

*Marlow.* Yes, madam. I was saying——that there are some occasions——when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the——and puts us——upon a——a——a——

*Miss Hard.* I agree with you entirely, a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

*Marlow.* Yes, Madam. Morally speaking, madam——but I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

*Miss Hard.* I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

*Marlow.* Yes, Madam. I was——But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you ?

*Miss Hard.* Well then, I'll follow.

*Marlow* (*aside*). This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

MISS HARDCASTLE *alone.*

*Miss Hard.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! Was there ever such a sober sentimental interview ? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccount-

able bashfulness, is pretty well, too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*

*Enter* TONY *and* MISS NEVILLE, *followed by* MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* HASTINGS.

*Tony.* What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging. 537

*Miss Neville.* I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

*Tony.* Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance; I want no nearer relationship. 543

[*She follows, coquetting him, to the back scene.*

*Mrs. Hard.* Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

*Hastings.* Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf. 550

*Mrs. Hard.* O! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every *tête-à-tête* from the *Scandalous Magazine*, and have all the fashions as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings? 561

*Hastings.* Extremely elegant and *dégagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

*Mrs. Hard.* I protest, I dressed it myself from a print in the *Ladies' Memorandum-book* for the last year.

*Hastings.* Indeed. Such a head in a side-box, at the Play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a City Ball.

*Mrs. Hard.* I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular or one may escape in the crowd.

*Hastings.* But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress! (*Bowing.*)

*Mrs. Hard.* Yet, what signifies *my* dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle: all I can say will never argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over like my Lord Pately, with powder.

*Hastings.* You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

*Mrs. Hard.* But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a *tête* for my own wearing!

*Hastings.* Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

*Mrs Hard.* Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

*Hastings.* Some time ago forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

*Mrs. Hard.* Seriously? Then I shall be too young for the fashion!

*Hastings.* No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

*Mrs. Hard.* And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the oldest of us all.

*Hastings.* Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

*Mrs. Hard.* My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance, this evening? 606

*Tony.* I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself but the stable.

*Mrs. Hard.* Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back. 611

*Miss Neville.* There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

*Tony.* That's a damned confounded——crack.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size, too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony. 619

*Tony.* You had as good not make me, I tell you. [*Measuring.*

*Miss Neville.* O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

*Mrs. Hard.* O, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

*Tony.* If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer. 625

*Mrs. Hard.* Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating? 631

*Tony.* Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the *Complete Housewife* ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through *Quincy* next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer. 637

*Mrs. Hard.* Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

*Tony.* I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

*Mrs. Hard.* That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable, wild notes, unfeeling monster!

*Tony.* Ecod! Mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

*Mrs. Hard.* Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

*Hastings.* Dear Madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Neville.*

HASTINGS, TONY.

*Tony* (*singing*). *There was a young man riding by, and fain would have his will. Rang do didlo dee.* Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

*Hastings.* Then you're no friend of the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

*Tony.* That's as I find 'um.

*Hastings.* Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer! And yet she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered girl.

*Tony.* That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom!

*Hastings* (*aside*). Pretty encouragement, this, for a lover.

*Tony.* I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking. 677

*Hastings.* To me she appears sensible and silent!

*Tony.* Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

*Hastings.* But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me. 682

*Tony.* Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

*Hastings.* Well, but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some beauty. 686

*Tony.* Bandbox! She's all a made-up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she. 691

*Hastings.* Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

*Tony.* Anon.

*Hastings.* Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy? 696

*Tony.* Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take *her?*

*Hastings.* I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her. 701

*Tony.* Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin besides, in jewels, that you little dream of.

*Hastings.* My dear Squire, this looks like a lad of spirit. 706

*Tony.* Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. [*Singing.*

*We are the boys*
*That fears no noise*
*Where the thundering cannons roar.* [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE. *The Same as Act II.*

*Enter* HARDCASTLE *alone.*

*Hard.* What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fireside already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be shocked at it.

*Enter* MISS HARDCASTLE *plainly dressed.*

*Hard.* Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

*Miss Hard.* I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

*Hard.* And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my *modest* gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

*Miss Hard.* You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description!

*Hard.* I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

*Miss Hard.* I never saw anything like it: and a man of the world, too!

*Hard.* Ay, he learned it all abroad,—what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

*Miss Hard.* It seems all natural to him.

*Hard.* A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

*Miss Hard.* Sure, you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look,—that awkward address,—that bashful manner—— 31

*Hard.* Whose look? whose manner, child?

*Miss Hard.* Mr. Marlow's: his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity struck me at the first sight.

*Hard.* Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses! 37

*Miss Hard.* Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw anyone so modest.

*Hard.* And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him. 42

*Miss Hard.* Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

*Hard.* He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again. 46

*Miss Hard.* He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and, *Madam, I would not for the world detain you.* 51

*Hard.* He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before. Asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer. Interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun, and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch! 58

*Miss Hard.* One of us must certainly be mistaken.

*Hard.* If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

*Miss Hard.* And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

*Hard.* In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him. 64

*Miss Hard.* Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know —the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse race in the country.

*Hard.* If we should find him so—— But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

*Miss Hard.* And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

*Hard.* Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

*Miss Hard.* I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my understanding!

*Hard.* Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

*Miss Hard.* And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

*Hard.* Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

*Miss Hard.* And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* TONY *running in with a casket.*

*Tony.* Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My Cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. O! my genus, is that you?

*Enter* HASTINGS.

*Hastings.* My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled

at last? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

*Tony.* And here's something to bear your charges by the way. (*Giving the casket.*) Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them!

*Hastings.* But how have you procured them from your mother?

*Tony.* Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

*Hastings.* Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you; Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

*Tony.* Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough, she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head!

*Hastings.* But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

*Tony.* Never you mind her resentment, leave *me* to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are! Morrice, Prance!

[*Exit Hastings.*

*Enter* MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* MISS NEVILLE.

*Mrs. Hard.* Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels? It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

*Miss Neville.* But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

*Mrs. Hard.* Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the

ladies of our acquaintance, my lady Killdaylight, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

*Miss Neville.* But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

*Mrs. Hard.* Consult your glass, my dear, and then see, if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? Does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

*Tony.* That's as thereafter may be.

*Miss Neville.* My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

*Mrs. Hard.* A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

*Tony* (*apart to Mrs. Hard.*). Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*apart to Tony*). You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

*Tony.* Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

*Miss Neville.* I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

*Mrs. Hard.* To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

*Miss Neville.* I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss——

*Mrs. Hard.* Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost,

I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

*Tony.* That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't!

*Mrs. Hard.* You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am!

*Miss Neville.* Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

*Mrs. Hard.* Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the meantime, you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

*Miss Neville.* I detest garnets!

*Mrs. Hard.* The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You *shall* have them. [*Exit.*

*Miss Neville.* I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir.—Was ever anything so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery.

*Tony.* Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage *her*.

*Miss Neville.* My dear cousin!

*Tony.* Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catherine wheel.

*Enter* MRS. HARDCASTLE.

*Mrs. Hard.* Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone!

*Tony.* What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

*Mrs. Hard.* We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone!

*Tony.* Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws,

I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha, ha, ha!

*Mrs. Hard.* Why, boy, I *am* ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

*Tony.* Stick to that; ha! ha! ha! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know, call me to bear witness.

*Mrs. Hard.* I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

*Tony.* Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

*Mrs. Hard.* My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

*Tony.* By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

*Mrs. Hard.* Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest! I tell you I'm not in jest, booby!

*Tony.* That's right, that's right: You must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

*Mrs. Hard.* Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other?

*Tony.* I can bear witness to that.

*Mrs. Hard.* Bear witness again, you blockhead, you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of *her?* Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

*Tony.* I can bear witness to that.

*Mrs. Hard.* Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will!

*Tony.* I can bear witness to that.

[*He runs off, she follows him.*

*Enter* MISS HARDCASTLE *and* Maid.

*Miss Hard.* What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

*Maid.* But what is more, madam, the young gentleman as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the barmaid? He mistook you for the barmaid, madam!

*Miss Hard.* Did he? Then as I live I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the *Beaux' Stratagem?*

*Maid.* It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

*Miss Hard.* And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

*Maid.* Certain of it!

*Miss Hard.* I vow, I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

*Maid.* But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

*Miss Hard.* In the first place, I shall be *seen*, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and like an invisible champion of romance examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

*Maid.* But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

*Miss Hard.* Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant.—Did your honour call?——Attend the Lion there.——Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour!

*Maid.* It will do, madam. But he's here. [*Exit Maid.*

*Enter* MARLOW.

*Marlow.* What a bawling in every part of the house; I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery,

there we have my hostess with her curtsey down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [*Walks and muses.*

*Miss Hard.* Did you call, sir? did your honour call?

*Marlow* (*musing*). As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

*Miss Hard.* Did your honour call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*

*Marlow.* No, child! (*Musing.*) Besides from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

*Miss Hard.* I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

*Marlow.* No! no! (*Musing.*) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning. [*Taking out his tablets, and perusing.*

*Miss Hard.* Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

*Marlow.* I tell you, no.

*Miss Hard.* I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

*Marlow.* No, no, I tell you. (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted——I wanted——I vow, child, you are vastly handsome!

*Miss Hard.* O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

*Marlow.* Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it in the house?

*Miss Hard.* No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

*Marlow.* One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that, too!

*Miss Hard.* Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

*Marlow.* Of true English growth, I assure you.

*Miss Hard.* Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

*Marlow.* Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

*Miss Hard.* O! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

*Marlow.* To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. (*Approaching.*) Yet nearer I don't think so much. (*Approaching.*) By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed—— (*Attempting to kiss her.*)

*Miss Hard.* Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

*Marlow.* I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

*Miss Hard.* And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here awhile ago in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

*Marlow* (*aside*). Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing, no, no! I find you don't know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

*Miss Hard.* O! then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

*Marlow.* Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. (*Offering to salute her.*)

*Miss Hard.* Hold, sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

*Marlow.* Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady

Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

*Miss Hard.* Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

*Marlow.* Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

*Miss Hard.* And their agreeable Rattle, ha ! ha ! ha !

*Marlow* (*aside*). Egad ! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child !

*Miss Hard.* I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

*Marlow* (*aside*). All's well, she don't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do *you* ever work, child ?

*Miss Hard.* Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

*Marlow.* Odso ! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work you must apply to me.

[*Seizing her hand.*

*Miss Hard.* Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle light. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

*Marlow.* And why not now, my angel ? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.——Pshaw ! the father here ! My old luck: I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames-ace three times following. [*Exit Marlow.*

*Enter* HARDCASTLE, *who stands in surprise.*

*Hard.* So, madam ! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble admirer that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so ?

*Miss Hard.* Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for, you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

*Hard.* By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious ! Didn't I see him seize your hand ? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid ? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth !

*Miss Hard.* But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

*Hard.* The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty. But my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

*Miss Hard.* Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

*Hard.* You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

*Miss Hard.* Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

*Hard.* Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me?

*Miss Hard.* I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE. *The Same as Act II.*

*Enter* HASTINGS *and* MISS NEVILLE.

*Hastings.* You surprise me! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night? Where have you had your information?

*Miss Neville.* You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

*Hastings.* Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

*Miss Neville.* The jewels, I hope, are safe.

*Hastings.* Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the meantime, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [*Exit.*

*Miss Neville.* Well! success attend you. In the meantime, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*

*Enter* MARLOW, *followed by a* Servant.

*Marlow.* I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

*Servant.* Yes, your honour.

*Marlow.* She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

*Servant.* Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it? and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Marlow.* Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little barmaid though runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken!

*Enter* HASTINGS.

*Hastings.* Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

*Marlow.* Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

*Hastings.* Some women, you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

*Marlow.* Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

*Hastings.* Well! and what then?

*Marlow.* She's mine, you rogue, you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips——but egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

*Hastings.* But are you sure, so very sure of her?

*Marlow.* Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above-stairs, and I am to improve the pattern.

*Hastings.* But how can *you*, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

*Marlow.* Pshaw! pshaw! we all know the honour of the barmaid of an inn. I don't intend to *rob* her, take my word for it, there's nothing in this house, I shan't honestly *pay* for!

*Hastings.* I believe the girl has virtue.

*Marlow.* And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

*Hastings.* You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

*Marlow.* Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn door a place of safety? Ah! numbskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself. ——I have——

*Hastings.* What!

*Marlow.* I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

*Hastings.* To the landlady!

*Marlow.* The landlady.

*Hastings.* You did?

*Marlow.* I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

*Hastings.* Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness.

*Marlow.* Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion?

*Hastings* (*aside*). He must not see my uneasiness.

*Marlow.* You seem a little disconcerted, though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

*Hastings.* No, nothing. Never was I in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

*Marlow.* Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

*Hastings.* He! he! he! They're safe, however.

*Marlow.* As a guinea in a miser's purse.

*Hastings* (*aside*). So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him.*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty barmaid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me. [*Exit.*

*Marlow.* Thank ye, George! I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

*Enter* HARDCASTLE.

*Hard.* I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer, and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. (*To him.*) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*

*Marlow.* Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What's to be the wonder now?

*Hard.* I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

*Marlow.* I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

*Hard.* I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

*Marlow.* I protest, my very good sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought *they* are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar, I did, I assure you. (*To the side scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him.*) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

*Hard.* Then they had your orders for what they do! I'm satisfied.

*Marlow.* They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

*Enter* Servant, *drunk.*

*Marlow.* You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

*Hard.* (*aside*). I begin to lose my patience.

*Jeremy.* Please your honour, liberty and Fleet Street for ever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another

man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, dammy! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon——hiccup——upon my conscience, sir. [*Exit.*

*Marlow.* You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

*Hard.* Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow, Sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

*Marlow.* Leave your house!—Sure, you jest, my good friend! What, when I'm doing what I can to please you?

*Hard.* I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

*Marlow.* Sure, you cannot be serious! At this time of night, and such a night! You only mean to banter me!

*Hard.* I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

*Marlow.* Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before!

*Hard.* Nor I, confound me if ever I did! To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me *This house is mine, sir.* By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir (*bantering*), as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows, perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

*Marlow.* Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

*Hard.* There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the *Rake's Progress* for your own apartment?

*Marlow.* Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

*Hard.* Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

*Marlow.* My bill, I say.

*Hard.* I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

*Marlow.* Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

*Hard.* Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man, as a visitor here, and now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*

*Marlow.* How's this! Sure, I have not mistaken the house? Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry "coming." The attendance is awkward; the barmaid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

*Enter* MISS HARDCASTLE.

*Miss Hard.* Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry.—(*Aside.*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

*Marlow.* Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

*Miss Hard.* A relation of the family, sir.

*Marlow.* What? A poor relation?

*Miss Hard.* Yes, sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

*Marlow.* That is, you act as the barmaid of this inn.

*Miss Hard.* Inn! O law!—What brought that in your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn! Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

*Marlow.* Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

*Miss Hard.* Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

*Marlow.* So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricature in all the print-shops. The Dullissimo Macaroni. To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the barmaid!

*Miss Hard.* Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my *behaviour* to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

*Marlow.* Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over—this house I no more show *my* face in!

*Miss Hard.* I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

*Marlow* (*aside*). By heaven, she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. (*To her.*) Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, makes an honourable connexion impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honour, or bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being too lovely.

*Miss Hard.* (*aside.*) Generous man! I now begin to admire him. (*To him.*) But I'm sure my family is as good

as Miss Hardcastle's, and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind, and, until this moment, I never thought it was bad to want fortune.

*Marlow.* And why now, my pretty simplicity? 245

*Miss Hard.* Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all to.

*Marlow* (*aside*). This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly, and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me! Farewell! [*Exit.*

*Miss Hard.* I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stooped to conquer, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

*Enter* TONY, MISS NEVILLE.

*Tony.* Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants. 264

*Miss Neville.* But, my dear cousin, sure, you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse. 268

*Tony.* To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damned bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistlejacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes, we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us. [*They retire, and seem to fondle.*

*Enter* MRS. HARDCASTLE.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But

my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see! Fondling together, as I'm alive! I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves! What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs! Ah!

*Tony.* As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

*Mrs. Hard.* A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

*Miss Neville.* Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

*Tony.* O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

*Miss Neville.* Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless (*patting his cheek*)—ah! it's a bold face.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pretty innocence!

*Tony.* I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

*Enter* DIGGORY.

*Diggory.* Where's the Squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

*Tony.* Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

*Diggory.* I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

*Tony.* Who does it come from?

*Diggory.* Your worship mun ask that of the letter itself.

*Tony.* I could wish to know, though. (*Turning the letter, and gazing on it.*)

*Miss Neville* (*aside*). Undone, undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employed a little if I can. (*To Mrs. Hardcastle.*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed—you must know, madam—this way a little, for he must not hear us. (*They confer.*)

*Tony* (*still gazing*). A damned cramp piece of penmanship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. *To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire.* It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher!

*Miss Neville.* Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

*Mrs. Hard.* He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

*Tony* (*still gazing*). A damned up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) *Dear Sir.* Ay, that's that. Then there's an *M*, and a *T*, and an *S*, but whether the next be an *izzard* or an *R*, confound me, I cannot tell!

*Mrs. Hard.* What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

*Miss Neville.* Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from her.*) Do you know who it is from?

*Tony.* Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger the feeder.

*Miss Neville.* Ay, so it is. (*Pretending to read.*) Dear

Squire, Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shakebag club has cut the gentlemen of Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um, here, here, it's all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no consequence, here, put it up, put it up. [*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*

*Tony.* But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world! I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea! Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence! [*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*

*Mrs. Hard.* How's this! (*Reads.*) Dear Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the *hag* (ay, the hag) your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings. Grant me patience. I shall run distracted! My rage chokes me.

*Miss Neville.* I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to another.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Curtseying very low.*) Fine spoken, madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Changing her tone.*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut. Were you too joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with *me*. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory! I'll show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*

*Miss Neville.* So now I'm completely ruined.

*Tony.* Ay, that's a sure thing.

*Miss Neville.* What better could be expected from being

connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him.

*Tony.* By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shakebags and Goosegreens, that I thought you could never be making believe. 391

*Enter* HASTINGS.

*Hastings.* So, sir, I find by my servant, that you have shown my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

*Tony.* Here's another. Ask miss there who betrayed you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine. 396

*Enter* MARLOW.

*Marlow.* So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

*Tony.* Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently. 401

*Miss Neville.* And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

*Marlow.* What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

*Hastings.* A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction. 407

*Miss Neville.* Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

*Hastings.* An insensible cub.

*Marlow.* Replete with tricks and mischief.

*Tony.* Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both one after the other,——with baskets. 413

*Marlow.* As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

*Hastings.* Tortured as I am with my own disappointments,

is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

*Marlow.* But, sir—

*Miss Neville.* Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

*Enter* Servant.

*Servant.* My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit Servant.*

*Miss Neville.* Well, well; I'll come presently.

*Marlow* (*to Hastings*). Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

*Hastings.* Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself, to the care of another, sir?

*Miss Neville.* Mr. Hastings! Mr. Marlow! Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you——

*Enter* Servant.

*Servant.* Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient. [*Exit.*

*Miss Neville.* I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension!

*Enter* Servant.

*Servant.* Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting. [*Exit.*

*Miss Neville.* O, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

*Marlow.* I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George,

forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

*Hastings.* The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

*Miss Neville.* Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If—

*Mrs. Hard.* (*within*). Miss Neville. Constance, why, Constance, I say.

*Miss Neville.* I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. [*Exit.*

*Hastings.* My heart! How can I support this! To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

*Marlow* (*to Tony*). You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

*Tony* (*from a reverie*). Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho! Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natur'd fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain! Come along. My boots, ho! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The Same as Act II.*

*Enter* HASTINGS *and* Servant.

*Hastings.* You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

*Servant.* Yes, your honour. They went off in a post-coach, and the young Squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

*Hastings.* Then all my hopes are over.

*Servant.* Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

*Hastings.* Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*

*Enter* SIR CHARLES *and* HARDCASTLE.

*Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands.

*Sir Charles.* And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

*Hard.* And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

*Sir Charles.* Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper, ha! ha! ha!

*Hard.* Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary: and though my daughter's fortune is but small——

*Sir Charles.* Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to *me?* My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do——

*Hard. If,* man! I tell you they *do* like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

*Sir Charles.* But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

*Hard.* I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs,* I warrant him.

*Enter* MARLOW.

*Marlow.* I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

*Hard.* Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

*Marlow.* Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

*Hard.* Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

*Marlow.* Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

*Hard.* Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has past between you; but mum!

*Marlow.* Sure, sir, nothing has past between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been past upon all the rest of the family?

*Hard.* Impudence! No, I don't say that—Not quite impudence—Though girls like to be played with, and rumpled a little too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

*Marlow.* I never gave her the slightest cause.

*Hard.* Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough.

But this is over-acting, young gentleman. You *may* be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

*Marlow.* May I die, sir, if I ever——

*Hard.* I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her—— 66

*Marlow.* Dear sir—I protest, sir——

*Hard.* I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

*Marlow.* But hear me, sir——

*Hard.* Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so—— 72

*Marlow.* But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest and uninteresting. 77

*Hard.* (*aside*). This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

*Sir Charles.* And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations! 81

*Marlow.* As heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*

*Sir Charles.* I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he departed. 88

*Hard.* And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

*Sir Charles.* I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

*Hard.* Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity. 94

*Enter* MISS HARDCASTLE.

*Hard.* Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve; has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

*Miss Hard.* The question is very abrupt, sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

*Hard.* (*to Sir Charles*). You see.

*Sir Charles.* And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

*Miss Hard.* Yes, sir, several.

*Hard.* (*to Sir Charles*). You see.

*Sir Charles.* But did he profess any attachment?

*Miss Hard.* A lasting one.

*Sir Charles.* Did he talk of love?

*Miss Hard.* Much, sir.

*Sir Charles.* Amazing! And all this formally?

*Miss Hard.* Formally.

*Hard.* Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

*Sir Charles.* And how did he behave, madam?

*Miss Hard.* As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

*Sir Charles.* Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I am confident he never sat for the picture.

*Miss Hard.* Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half-an-hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

*Sir Charles.* Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [*Exit.*

*Miss Hard.* And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Scene changes to the back of the Garden.*

*Enter* HASTINGS.

*Hastings.* What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

*Enter* TONY, *booted and spattered.*

*Hastings.* My honest Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

*Tony.* Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by-the-by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

*Hastings.* But how? Where did you leave your fellow-travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

*Tony.* Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it: Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such *varmint.*

*Hastings.* Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

*Tony.* Left them? Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

*Hastings.* This is a riddle.

*Tony.* Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

*Hastings.* I'm still astray.

*Tony.* Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

*Hastings.* Ha! ha! ha! I understand; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

*Tony.* You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill—I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath, and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horsepond at the bottom of the garden.

*Hastings.* But no accident, I hope.

*Tony.* No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So, if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

*Hastings.* My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

*Tony.* Ay, now it's dear friend, noble Squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn *your* way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

*Hastings.* The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one. [*Exit Hastings.*

*Tony.* Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish! She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

*Enter* MRS. HARDCASTLE.

*Mrs. Hard.* Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook. Battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt that laid us against the quickset hedge has done my business.

*Tony.* Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

*Mrs. Hard.* I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

*Tony.* By my guess we should be upon Crackskull Common, about forty miles from home.

*Mrs. Hard.* O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

*Tony.* Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; its only a tree. Don't be afraid.

*Mrs. Hard.* The fright will certainly kill me.

*Tony.* Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

*Mrs. Hard.* O death!

*Tony.* No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid.

*Mrs. Hard.* As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

*Tony* (*aside*). Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. (*To her.*) Ah, it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damned ill-looking fellow.

*Mrs. Hard.* Good heaven defend us! He approaches.

*Tony.* Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough and cry hem. When I cough be sure to keep close.

[*Mrs. Hardcastle hides behind a tree in the back scene.*

*Enter* HARDCASTLE.

*Hard.* I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

*Tony.* Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*from behind*). Ah! I find there's danger.

*Hard.* Forty miles in three hours; sure, that's too much, my youngster.

*Tony.* Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*from behind*). Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

*Hard.* But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

*Tony.* It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was saying that forty miles in four hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in if you please. Hem.

*Hard.* But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*from behind*). Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

*Tony.* What need you go, sir, if I tell you? Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem—I'll tell you all, sir.

[*Detaining him.*

*Hard.* I tell you I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*running forward from behind*). O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

*Hard.* My wife! as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean?

*Mrs. Hard.* (*kneeling*). Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

*Hard* I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know *me?*

*Mrs. Hard.* Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home. What has brought you to follow us?

*Hard.* Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So

far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door! (*To him.*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue, you! (*To her.*) Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

*Mrs. Hard.* Yes, I shall remember the horsepond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. (*To Tony.*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

*Tony.* Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

*Mrs. Hard.* I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage. Exit.*

*Hard.* There's morality, however, in his reply. [*Exit.*

all good comedy ends this way

*Enter* HASTINGS *and* MISS NEVILLE.

*Hastings.* My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

*Miss Neville.* I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

*Hastings.* Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune! Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail!

*Miss Neville.* No, Mr. Hastings, no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

*Hastings.* But though he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

*Miss Neville.* But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

*Hastings.* I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III. *Scene changes to the inside of the House.*

*Enter* Sir Charles *and* Miss Hardcastle.

*Sir Charles.* What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

*Miss Hard.* I am proud of your approbation; and, to show I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

*Sir Charles.* I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit Sir Charles.*

*Enter* Marlow.

*Marlow.* Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave, nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

*Miss Hard.* (*in her own natural manner*). I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you think proper to regret.

*Marlow* (*aside*). This girl every moment improves upon me. (*To her.*) It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

*Miss Hard.* Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

*Enter* HARDCASTLE *and* SIR CHARLES *from behind.*

*Sir Charles.* Here, behind this screen.

*Hard.* Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

*Marlow.* By heavens, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence, and conscious virtue.

*Sir Charles.* What can it mean? He amazes me!

*Hard.* I told you how it would be. Hush!

*Marlow.* I am now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

*Miss Hard.* No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connection, in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness, which was acquired by lessening yours?

*Marlow.* By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

*Miss Hard.* Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but, seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connection, where *I* must appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

*Marlow* (*kneeling*). Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shows me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue——

*Sir Charles.* I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation!

*Hard.* Your cold contempt! your formal interview! What have you to say now?

*Marlow.* That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

*Hard.* It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter!

*Marlow.* Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

*Hard.* Yes, sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be?

*Marlow.* Oh, the devil!

*Miss Hard.* Yes, sir, that very identical tall squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. (*Curtseying.*) She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the ladies' club: ha! ha! ha!

*Marlow.* Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's worse than death!

*Miss Hard.* In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy: or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin till three in the morning; ha! ha! ha!

*Marlow.* Oh, curse on my noisy head. I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

*Hard.* By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man. [*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.*

*Enter* MRS. HARDCASTLE, TONY.

*Mrs. Hard.* So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

*Hard.* Who gone?

*Mrs. Hard.* My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor, here.

*Sir Charles.* Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

*Hard.* Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connection.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune, that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

*Hard.* Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary?

*Mrs. Hard.* Ay, that's my affair, not yours.

*Hard.* But you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

*Enter* HASTINGS *and* MISS NEVILLE.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*aside*). What! returned so soon? I begin not to like it.

*Hastings* (*to Hardcastle*). For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punish-

ment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

*Miss Neville.* Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I'm now recovered from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connection.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pshaw, pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

*Hard.* Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

*Tony.* What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

*Hard.* While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these three months.

*Tony.* Of age! Am I of age, father?

*Hard.* Above three months.

*Tony.* Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. (*Taking Miss Neville's hand.*) Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constance Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again!

*Sir Charles.* O brave Squire!

*Hastings.* My worthy friend!

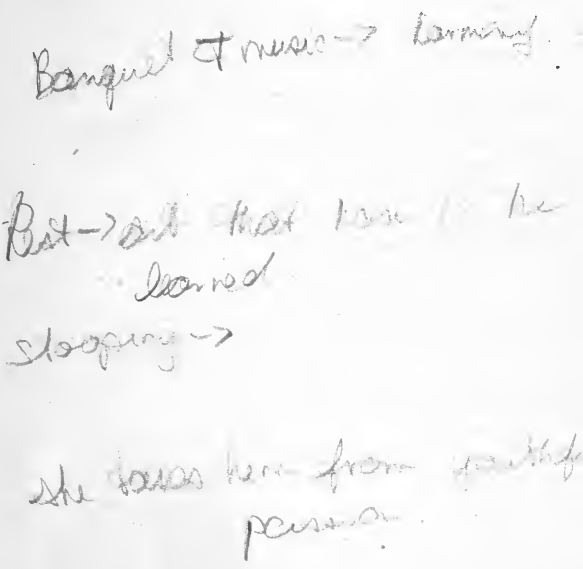
*Mrs. Hard.* My undutiful offspring!

*Marlow.* Joy, my dear George, I give you joy, sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

*Hastings* (*to Miss Hardcastle*). Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances.

I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

*Hard.* (*joining their hands*). And I say so, too. And Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the Mistakes of the Night shall be crowned with a merry morning; so boy, take her; as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.



## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken in the character of* MISS HARDCASTLE.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

WELL, having stooped to conquer with success,
And gained a husband without aid from dress,
Still, as a Barmaid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquered him, to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty Barmaids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, composed to please,
"We have our exits and our entrances."
The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of everything afraid;
Blushes when hired, and with unmeaning action,
*I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.*
Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
Th' unblushing Barmaid of a country inn.
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
On Squires and Cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts—
And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
Even Common Councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shows her wedded to the Squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher;
Pretends to taste, at Operas cries *caro*,
And quits her *Nancy Dawson*, for *Che Faro*.
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheapside:
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,

Till having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such, through our lives, the eventful history—
The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The Barmaid now for your protection prays,
Turns female Barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken in the character of* TONY LUMPKIN.

BY J. CRADOCK, ESQ.

WELL—now all's ended—and my comrades gone,
Pray what becomes of *mother's nonly son*?
A hopeful blade!—in town I'll fix my station,
And try to make a bluster in the nation.
As for my cousin Neville, I renounce her,
Off—in a crack—I'll carry big Bet Bouncer.
Why should not I in the great world appear?
I soon shall have a thousand pounds a year;
No matter what a man may here inherit,
In London—'gad, they've some regard for spirit.
I see the horses prancing up the streets,
And big Bet Bouncer bobs to all she meets;
Then hoikes to jiggs and pastimes ev'ry night—
Not to the play—they say it a'n't polite,
To Sadler's-Wells perhaps, or Operas go,
And once by chance, to the roratorio.
Thus here and there, for ever up and down,
We'll set the fashions too to half the town;
And then at auctions—money ne'er regard,
Buy pictures like the great, ten pounds a yard:
Zounds, we shall make these London gentry say,
We know what's damned genteel, as well as they.

# NOTES.

*References are made to the pages and lines of the text, thus:* 1. 3 *means page* 1, *line* 3.

## DEDICATION.

**Samuel Johnson:** Dr. Johnson (1709-84), was, from the fifties of the eighteenth century till his death, the greatest English man of letters. His chief works were *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749), a poem, *The Idler* and *The Rambler*, periodical essays, his *Dictionary* (1756), *Rasselas* (1759), a philosophic tale, and *The Lives of the Poets* (1779-81).

His shrewd judgment of men and literature makes *The Lives of the Poets* his most lasting work, and indeed his other works are now little read: his strong personality and remarkable conversational power remain, however, a permanent heritage through Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (1791).

For his part in Goldsmith's life see pages xi and xiii.

**the greatest wit:** " wit " is here used with the meaning *genius* as commonly in the eighteenth century.

**in a character:** *i.e.* in Dr. Johnson.

**partiality . . . performance:** see page xiii.

**very dangerous:** see pages xv-xvii.

**Mr. Colman:** George Colman, the elder (1732-94), was manager of Covent Garden Theatre 1767-74, and manager of Haymarket Theatre 1777-89. He was himself a successful writer of comedies, among which are *The Jealous Wife* (1761) and *The Clandestine Marriage* (1766).

## SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, OR THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

### PROLOGUE.

**David Garrick:** David Garrick (1717-79), went from Lichfield to London in 1737 with Samuel Johnson to try his fortune there. In 1741 he made his name as a great actor, and from 1746 to 1776 he was joint-manager of Drury Lane theatre. He was largely respon-

sible for the revival of Shakespeare's plays on the stage, and he introduced several valuable reforms to the stage. With Goldsmith and Johnson, Garrick was a member of the Literary Club.

Mr. Woodward: Henry Woodward (1714-77), a notable actor in comic parts. He refused the part of Tony Lumpkin.

1. 3. 'Tis . . . mourning suit: an adaptation of "*'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,*" (*Hamlet*, I. ii. 77). Hamlet is speaking to his mother of his grief for his dead father. Hamlet continues: "*But I have that within which passeth show.*"

6. Comic Muse: *i.e.* Comedy on the stage.

8. as a player . . . drop: *i.e.* he cannot act in tearful sentimental comedy.

11. sweet maid: *i.e.* Thalia, the Muse of true Comedy.

2. 12. Shuter: Edward Shuter (1728 ?-76), was, like Woodward, one of the chief comic actors of the day. He played the part of Hardcastle in the original production of *She Stoops to Conquer*. He was also the original Croaker of Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*, and such success as that play had was mainly due to him.

13. mawkish drab: *i.e.* a wretched sentimental female.

15. Ned: *i.e.* Shuter.

21. But . . . moral: the point here is that sentimental comedy was compounded not only of tearfulness but also of moralising. See page xv.

23. sententious: "full of meaning."

24. blocks: *i.e.* wooden, not expressive of genuine emotion.

33. the maid: *i.e.* Comedy; see line 6.

34. a doctor: *i.e.* Dr. Goldsmith: a pun.

35. give . . . motion: *i.e.* make the audience laugh.

36. five draughts: *i.e.* the five Acts of the play.

38. if . . . cur'd: *i.e.* if this play is well received, true comedy will still continue to hold the stage.

43. degree: *i.e.* of Doctor of Medicine.

45. the college you, etc.: the idea is that the audience are, as it were, the College of Physicians, who will decide whether the doctor (*i.e.* author) is a qualified man or a quack.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

3. 5. polishing: *i.e.* smartening up socially.

12. basket: "the overhanging back compartment on the outside of a stage coach." (N.E.D.)

15. rumbling: *i.e.* full of noises (creaks, etc.), as old houses commonly are.

**looks . . . like an inn**: one of the features which make it resemble an inn is the gallery (42. 274); the large horns over the door (14. 383) perhaps help the similarity.

19. **Prince Eugene**: François Eugène, Prince of Savoy (1663-1736), was a great general. In command of the German army he took part with Marlborough in the victories of Oudenarde and Malplaquet. In 1716 he defeated the Turks in a great battle at Peterwardein, and then captured Belgrade.

20. **the Duke of Marlborough**: John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough (1650-1722), was the great English general of Queen Anne's reign, who commanded the English and allied troops in the war against France. Among his famous victories were Blenheim (1704), Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet.

26. **Darby . . . Joan**: the use of these two names in the sense "an old married couple still very much in love with each other" seems to date from the eighteenth century. The names are found earliest in a song of 1735, but their origin is unknown.

4. 29. **make money of that**: *i.e.* add that up.

41. **quotha**: *quoth he*, used as an ironical exclamation somewhat like the current Americanism *Sez you* !

46. **allow him a horse-pond**: *i.e.* give him a ducking.

49. **fastened . . . my chair**: this trick was played upon Goldsmith himself by Lord Clare's daughter once when Goldsmith was staying at Lord Clare's.

55. **a cat and fiddle**: "fiddlesticks."

5. 65. **a speaking-trumpet**: megaphone; a trumpet so made as to carry the voice a long way, or make it heard above noise.

77. **exciseman**: an official whose duty was to collect excise duties and to enforce the excise laws. Excise duties are taxes levied on goods, etc. made within the country.

78. **music-box**: barrel-organ.

79. **platter**: dish.

HARDCASTLE *alone:* (original text gave Hardcastle *solus*, *i.e.* Hardcastle the only character on the stage); cp. Miss Hardcastle *alone*, page 7.

92. **gauze**: flimsy dress material.

93. **frippery**: "ridiculously affected fine dress."

6. 97. **the indigent world**: "the poor."

147. **mortify**: "vex," "tease."

149. **glass**: "looking-glass."

8. 166. **in face**: "looking my best."

168. **sure no accident, etc.**: Miss Neville suggests that her friend looks somewhat agitated.

189. **trust . . . success**: *i.e.* leave things to take their own course, in the hope all will go well.

9. 211. **the improvements**: probably "cultivated garden" is meant.

**Allons**: "Let's go"; French.

213. **Would . . . well**: an adaptation of Falstaff's remark on the eve of the battle of Shrewsbury: "I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well" (1 *Henry IV.*, V. i. 125).

## ACT I. SCENE II.

**punch**: a drink made of wine or spirits, mixed with hot water, and flavoured with sugar, lemon, and spices.

9. 216. **knock . . . for a song**: it was the custom for the "master of ceremonies" at a convivial gathering to call on some one.

223. **genus**: *i.e.* genius. Tony again uses this wrong form in 37. 92.

225. **Lethes**: in classical mythology Lethe was one of the rivers of Hades; the dead, before crossing it, had to drink of its waters, and so gained complete oblivion of their earthly lives. **Styxes**: the river Styx was supposed by the ancients to encircle Hades. **Stygians**: the inhabitants of Hades, the underworld of the dead.

10. 226. **Quis . . . Quaes . . . Quods**: Qui, quae, quod, are the masculine, feminine, and neuter forms respectively of the nominative singular of the relative pronoun in Latin.

227. **all but**: "almost," "little more than."

229. **Methodist preachers**: John Wesley had begun the Methodist movement in 1739, and at the time of this play Methodism was still in its early years of fervid enthusiasm. Methodists were for many years a common theme of satire in verse, novels, and plays; for example, just before *She Stoops to Conquer*, one Richard Graves satirised them in a novel called *The Spiritual Quixote* (1772), and in 1771 Smollett had made the comic Humphry Clinker in his novel of that name a Methodist. Goldsmith had earlier written of the Methodists as "the partisans of cant and familiarity."

234. **scurvy**: "contemptible."

236. **pigeon**: "dupe," "gull."

238. **jorum**: bowl of punch.

243. **bustards**: the bustard is a large bird with a slow walking gait. It has not been found in England since the early nineteenth century, but is still found in Europe. **widgeons**: a species of duck which are winter migrants in England.

248. **spunk**: "spirit."

250. **nothing that's low**: see page xvi.

254. **in a concatenation accordingly**: a concatenation is a series of things linked together. The speaker presumably means that a gentleman who is in all respects a gentleman must be *genteel*.

256. **maxum**: a rustic pronunciation of *maxim*.

257. **obligated to dance a bear**: this Third Fellow is presumably "Little Aminadab that grinds the music-box" (**5. 77**). His occupation "obligates" (an uneducated improvement on "obliges") him to play tunes for his bear to dance to.

258. **this . . . poison**: *this* is his drink of punch.

259. **Water Parted**: a song from the opera *Artaxerxes* (1762) of Thomas Arne, who also wrote the music of Thomson and Mallet's *Masque of Alfred* (1740), which contains *Rule Britannia*.

260. **Ariadne**: an opera produced in 1734 by the great composer George Frederick Handel (1685-1759).

**11.** 261. **come to his own**: "entered into his inheritance" of £1,500 a year (**4. 40**).
**choice of**: *i.e.* entertain the best company.

268. **winding . . . horn**: *i.e.* blowing a blast on a horn such as a hunting-horn or post-horn.

272. **be no bastard**: *i.e.* I'll live like a true heir.

274. **miller's grey mare**: horses and hunting are amongst Tony's chief loves and presumably he has in mind a good horse he wants to buy. This revelation of Tony's thoughts is a good instance of the way in which the dramatist by a touch here and a touch there fills in character.

275. **Stingo**: the name given the innkeeper is a slang word for strong ale.

277. **post-chaise**: a carriage hired from stage to stage of a journey, or driven by post-horses, that is horses changed at each stage.

278. **forest**: an open country covered with trees and undergrowth, like Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire.

288. **squeezing of a lemon**: Tony's measurement of time is suggested by the making of punch, in which lemon was an ingredient.

**12.** 317. **no ghost**: another adaptation from *Hamlet*: when Hamlet, after seeing his father's ghost, says, "There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark but he's an arrant knave," Horatio replies, "There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this" (*Hamlet*, V. i. 123-6).

328. **trapesing**: "untidy." **trolloping**: "slovenly."

329. **maypole**: *i.e.* tall and thin, and, perhaps, dressed in tawdry finery.

**14.** 393. **blade:** defined by Dr. Johnson as "a brisk man, either fierce or gay, called so in contempt."

395. **we shall . . . connection:** *i.e.* that is all we shall require of him.

## ACT II.

**16.** 53. **Wauns:** a vulgar pronunciation of "Wounds," an oath or exclamation weakened from "God's wounds."

54. **numskulls:** "blockheads."

55. **quarrelling for places:** a political hit at the common practice of scrambling for ministerial posts.

60. **by the elevens:** the origin of this phrase is not known.

**17.** 77. **inflame a reckoning:** *i.e.* swell out a bill.

86. **the Englishman's malady:** a kind of moodish melancholy reserve is often referred to in English literature of the eighteenth century as though it were a common failing. With it go pride and false shame. In his essays Goldsmith mentions pride as an English characteristic, and in his picture of the Man in Black, who is meant to be typically English, brings out the strain of false modesty: he portrays him as very kindly at heart, but ashamed to be seen doing a kind action. Similarly Marlow is really afraid of "making a fool of himself."

**18.** 110. **college bedmaker:** the name for an old woman at Oxford or Cambridge whose work is the tidying of rooms.

113. **bagatelle:** "trifling matter."

**19.** 141. **the emotion:** *i.e.* of gratitude.

143. **the last . . . assistance:** because Marlow is so unselfish and honourable. There is something of dramatic irony in this, because Hastings does try to carry off Constance's fortune, and his friend Marlow's assistance merely gives back the jewels to Mrs. Hardcastle (pages 47-49).

149. **prepossessing:** the reader may be tempted to think this a mistake for *unprepossessing*, but Goldsmith is quite correct in his use of *prepossessing*, *i.e.* causing the holder to be prepossessed (unfavourably), or prejudiced.

152. **duchesses of Drury Lane:** loose women who dressed themselves up and frequented the neighbourhood of the theatre.

**20.** 178. **Denain:** a town in North-East France, where Prince Eugene and the allied armies were defeated in 1712.

179. **ventre d'or:** French for "yellow stomach."

204. **here's cup:** Hardcastle does not bring the punch asked for, but cup, "a name for various beverages consisting of wine sweetened

and flavoured with various ingredients and usually iced; as *claret-cup*, etc." (N.E.D.)

21. 216. **forgets . . . gentleman:** Hastings has in mind Tony's statement that "the landlord . . . is going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman" (14. 388).

220. **warm work:** in addition to its usual meaning this phrase perhaps has the meaning "profitable work." "A warm man" in the speech of Goldsmith's day was a well-to-do man.

223. **electing each other:** in the eighteenth century the Parliamentary franchise had become very corrupt. The right of voting was so restricted that many seats were in the hands of big landowners, and not only were votes bought and sold, but it was in the power of single men or political groups to sell Parliamentary seats. "The counties and the great commercial towns could alone be said to exercise any real right of suffrage, though the enormous expense of contesting such constituencies practically left their representation in the hands of the great local families." (J. R. Green.)

224. **for us that sell ale:** as it is italicised, this was presumably a common saying at the time, but the point is now lost.

230. **Heyder Ally:** Hyder Ali (*c.* 1722-82), a military adventurer who "had built up a compact and vigorous empire out of the wreck of older principalities on the table-land of Mysore. Tyrant as he was, no native rule was so just as Hyder's, no statesmanship so vigorous." (J. R. Green.) He was from about 1766, with a short interval from 1769-72, a thorn in the side of the Madras government.

231. **Ally Cawn:** Jaffier Ali Khan, the Meer Jaffier, Nabob of Bengal, of Macaulay's *Essay on Clive*. Clive put him on the throne of Bengal in 1757 in place of Surajah Dowlah, who was responsible for the murder of the English in the Black Hole of Calcutta, A few years later he was ejected by the East India Company. The money transactions between Jaffier and Clive were much discussed in England in the early sixties. Macaulay (writing in 1840) remarked: "The interest taken by the public of England in Indian questions was then far greater than at present."

**Ally Croker:** a popular Irish air beginning "There lived a man in Baleno crazy."

238. **Westminster Hall:** the Hall of Westminster Palace. All the Palace except the Hall was burnt down in 1834. Westminster Hall in Goldsmith's day, and until the opening of the present Law Courts in 1882, was the seat of the Courts of Law.

22. 250. **battle of Belgrade:** see note on 3. 19.

23. 287. **all upon the high ropes:** *i.e.* everything in high style, riding the high horse all the time.

292. **Joiners' Company**: one of the Livery Companies of the City of London; these companies were noted for their sumptuous banquets. Joiners are furniture-makers.

293. **Corporation of Bedford**: the allusion is probably to the creation in 1769 of 500 freemen by the Corporation of Bedford for political reasons.

312. **florentine**: a baked tart. **shaking pudding**: jelly or blancmange.

313. **taffety cream**: N.E.D. suggests "velvet cream," a kind of blancmange. *Taffety* (now taffeta) was a glossy, finely woven stuff.

315. **green and yellow dinner**: the reference is to the fashion of the time in some great houses to dress the tables and the servants at important dinners in colour schemes.

24. 335. **assiduities**: "diligent attentions."

25. 365. **landed in France, etc.**: this was taken at the time, and was probably meant by Goldsmith to be taken, as a hit at the Royal Marriage Act of 1772. This Act was passed as a result of the marriages of the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, of which George III. strongly disapproved; it enacted that no descendant of George III., except the children of princesses married into foreign families, should marry without the King's consent—if the King refused his consent, they could, however, marry, if over twenty-five, on giving twelve months' notice to the Privy Council, but both Houses of Parliament in such a case were to declare "their disapprobation."

When these lines were delivered on the first night, the Duke of Gloucester, who sat in one of the boxes, was greeted with long applause.

370. **India Director**: Director of the East India Company.

26. 410. **your ceremony**: "your formal behaviour."

27. 445. **Cicero**: Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 B.C.), a Roman politician, and a great orator and writer.

28. 460. **Zounds**: an abbreviation of *God's wounds;* see note on 16. 53.

469. **only to deserve them**: *i.e.* only how to deserve their favour.

477. **sentiment**: see page xvi.

29. 513. **a want of courage . . . ignorance**: *i.e.* often when we are merely tongue-tied because of our timidity, our silence is taken for ignorance.

30. 537. **engaging**: *i.e.* persistent in seeking his company.

550. **Ranelagh**: Ranelagh Gardens at Chelsea were a popular place of entertainment, frequented by fashionable people. **St. James's**: a fashionable quarter of London near Piccadilly. **Tower**

Wharf: a wharf close to the Tower of London. Entick's *History of London* (1766) says: "On this wharf there is a long and beautiful platform, on which are planted 61 pieces of cannon . . . chiefly used to fire on days of state, or to promulgate any joyful news to the public. Parallel to the Wharf, within the walls, is a platform, 70 yards in length, called the *Ladies Lane*, because much frequented by the ladies in the summer, as within it is shaded with a lofty row of trees, and without it is a delightful prospect of the shipping."

555. **the Pantheon**: a place of entertainment in Oxford Street, somewhat on the lines of Ranelagh; it was opened in 1772, a little more than a year before the performance of *She Stoops to Conquer*. Dr. Johnson, visiting it in March 1772, remarked to Boswell: "Sir, there are many happy people here. There are many people here who are watching hundreds, and who think hundreds are watching them."

**the Grotto Gardens**: a resort in Clerkenwell, a district in North London.

**the Borough**: the usual name of the borough of Southwark. In literature the Borough is well-remembered for its Dickensian associations. Many of its streets in 1766 were "inhabited by tradesmen and manufacturers of very great property and reputation." (Entick.) Mrs. Hardcastle probably has in mind Vauxhall Gardens, a fashionable resort within the boundaries of the Borough, where singing, fireworks, etc., were to be enjoyed. Goldsmith himself often visited Vauxhall.

558. **the Scandalous Magazine**: under this name Goldsmith is tilting at the *Town and Country Magazine*, then running a series of short topical biographies with portraits (*tête-à-têtes*).

560. **Crooked Lane**: Cannon Street, in the City of London, "so called of the crooked windings thereof." In Goldsmith's day it was longer than now.

562. **dégagée**: "stylish."

563. **friseur**: "hairdresser."

**31.** 569. **since inoculation began**: inoculation against smallpox was introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689-1762), on her return in 1718 from Constantinople, where her husband was ambassador. She has a high place among English letter-writers. Before inoculation was introduced the faces of many were disfigured by pock marks.

571. **escape**: *i.e.* fail to be noticed.

576. **argue down . . . clothes**: *i.e.* make him change his style of dress even so slightly as to have a button fewer in order to be more in the fashion.

584. **Gothic vivacity**: *Gothic* was commonly used in the eighteenth century in the sense of *old, old-fashioned*, and so often in a depreciatory sense: *rough, rude, ignorant, ill-mannered.*

585. **tête**: woman's wig.

597. **samplers**: in the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth a very common occupation imposed on small girls was the making of samplers. These were designs embroidered on linen or canvas, and were proudly displayed as proof of the child's proficiency with the needle; in the middle of the ornamentation would be moral rhymes.

613. **falls out . . . faces**: "quarrels in public."

614. **crack**: "exaggeration," a polite substitution for "lie."

624. **fortin**: "fortune"; a rustic pronunciation.

631. **receipt**: "medicine."

634. **the Complete Housewife**: a popular household book, containing information on illnesses, cookery, etc.

635. **coursing me**: "giving me a course of medicines." **Quincy**: John Quincy (*d.* 1722), Doctor of Medicine, whose *English Dispensary* (1721) was very popular.

33. 642. **dinging it**: *i.e.* forcing it on him.

646. **wild notes**: his mother wants to be with Tony when he is in his care-free happy mood. Perhaps she is meant to have in mind Milton's description in *L'Allegro* of Shakespeare "warbling his native wood-notes wild."

662. **cry over a book**: see page xvi. Two prominent novelists whose novels had recently brought tears to the eyes of readers were Laurence Sterne and Henry Mackenzie. Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (1759-68), had a strong vein of sentiment as well as humour; and as for Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* (1771), on one page we read "he wept at the recollection of her tears," on the next "her face had the glister of new-washed tears on it," and so the book proceeds.

687. **bandbox**: *i.e.* all her beauty lies in her clothes.

694. **Anon**: "At your service," a reply used by servants; a development from the early meaning "at once."

## ACT III.

35. 25. **masquerade**: ball at which the dancers wear masks.

36. 33. **mauvaise honte**: "false shame," "bashfulness."

38. **rally**: "are chaffing me."

41. **Bully Dawson**: a notorious blackguard who frequented the coffee-houses of Restoration London.

37. 90. **bobs**: ornamental pendants worn in the ear.

92. **genus**: "genius"; cp. 9. 223.

**38.** 120. **Morrice**: a slang expression more or less equivalent to "get a move on"; it is a use of the word "morris," *i.e.* morris-dance. **Prance**: similar in meaning to the preceding word.

**39.** 132. **paste**: *i.e.* imitation jewels. **marcasites**: crystals of iron pyrites used as ornaments.

**143. rose and table-cut things**: a table-cut diamond, otherwise known as a *brilliant*, is so called because it has horizontal faces on its upper and under sides, that on the upper side being called the *table*. A rose-cut jewel is one which, not having depth enough to be cut as a brilliant, is shaped to a dome instead of a table, the upper surface being covered with little equilateral triangles instead of the bigger facets of the table-cut jewel.

**144. King Solomon at a puppet-show**: puppet-shows consisted of human figures worked by wires. The riches and glory of Solomon are proverbial.

**40.** 180. **garnets**: red gems.

195. **Catherine wheel**: revolving fire-work.

**42.** 245. **the Beaux' Stratagem**: the best comedy of George Farquhar (1678-1707); it was produced in 1707. Cherry was an innkeeper's daughter in it.

247. **but when**: "except when."

274. **gallery**: *i.e.* balcony. As these were then common in inns, the gallery helps to make the mistake of the friends more natural.

**44.** 323. **by mark of mouth**: "mark of mouth" is a technical term for a hollow on a horse's teeth which wears down as the horse grows older, and so gives an indication of age. Hence the proverbial saying "to look a gift-horse in the mouth," *i.e.* to criticise it.

330. **obstropalous**: a vulgarism for "obstreperous"; the blunder is probably deliberate, to keep up the part of the barmaid.

342. **Rattle**: lively talker.

342. **the Ladies' Club**: Goldsmith was known to be having a hit here at a certain fashionable London club in Albemarle Street. In old Miss Biddy Buckskin (**45.** 351), called Rachel at the first performance, was recognised a prominent member of the club with that Christian name.

**45.** 357. **chit**: "girl."

**372. nicked seven**: made a winning throw at dice, when the player had called a "main" of seven.

373. **ames-ace**: the lowest throw at dice, that of two aces (ones). Another form is *ambs-ace*, and both forms derive from Old French *ambes as*, which is from Latin *ambas as* ("both aces").

## ACT IV.

50. 129. **liberty and Fleet Street:** in 1769 and the following years the cry of the London mob was "Wilkes and Liberty." John Wilkes was in 1769 elected M.P. for Middlesex, but expelled the House for libel; his constituents re-elected him three times, but each election was annulled. Wilkes had both the populace and the Corporation of the City of London behind him, and he was admitted M.P. in 1774. Jeremy in his cups has this popular cry in mind. *Fleet Street* probably refers as now to the press, for in those days Paternoster-Row and Fleet Street were centres of the publishing and printing world. While Parliament was thus excluding Wilkes, it was also fighting a losing battle to suppress the publication of Parliamentary reports in the newspapers.

52. 170. **the Rake's Progress:** a series of prints published in 1735 by William Hogarth (1697-1764), the great painter and engraver; Hogarth first painted the pictures, then engraved them. The satiric story told by the prints may be gathered from the titles: The Young Heir, The Levée, The Tavern Scene, The Arrest, He Marries, The Gambling House, The Prison, The Madhouse.

53. 210. **the Dullisimo Macaroni:** there was a well-known series of prints of this name, satirising people of the day. From about 1760 to 1790 the name *Macaroni* was given to dandies who aped foreign fashions.

220. **making you a subscriber:** *i.e.* making you one of those with whom I must make mistakes. The idea is of a subscription list.

222. **your assiduity for assurance:** "your polite attentions for impudence."

54. 251. **most sensibly:** *i.e.* so that I feel it keenly. In Goldsmith's day the usual meaning of *sensible* was *sensitive*, and the adverb *sensibly* was used similarly.

271. **Whistlejacket:** a well-known racehorse.

55. 290. **pound:** enclosure in which stray cattle were put till claimed, or cattle or goods distrained for debt were kept till sold.

298. **haspicholls:** Tony's mistake for "harpsichord," a stringed instrument with a key-board. **parcel of bobbins:** "so many bobbins," *i.e.* short wooden sticks used in weaving.

302. **incontinently:** "at once."

56. 322. **cramp:** *i.e.* cramped, the letters crowded together.

341. **izzard:** archaic name for the letter Z.

347. **feeder:** trainer of cocks for cock-fighting.

57. 351. **cut out of feather:** "taken all 'the shine' out of." (N.E.D.)

370. **engaging**: "obliging."

372. **oaf**: clumsy lout.

**58.** 389. **nice**: "precise," *i.e.* "realistic."

400. **Bedlam**: Bedlam was the common name for the hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, a madhouse, which in Goldsmith's day was in Moorfields, but in 1815 was removed to Lambeth, whence it has recently been transferred out of London. The word early acquired the general meaning "mad uproar" as here.

413. **baskets**: swords or sticks with basket-work protection for the hands.

**59.** 421. **kept on**: *i.e.* perceived.

427. **presently**: "in a moment." In Shakespeare "presently" means "immediately." The modern meaning developed gradually, and is found from about 1650, but as the word is used here the meaning is intermediate between "at once" and "soon."

## ACT V. SCENE I.

64. 109. **formally**: *i.e.* seriously, meaning what he said.

113. **said . . . things of**: *i.e.* paid some compliments to.

## ACT V. SCENE II.

65. 139. **basket**: see note on **3.** 12.

143. **smoked**: *i.e.* sweated.

144. **Rabbit me**: a vulgar imprecation, similar in origin to *drat it*, which is a slurring of *od rat it* (od = God).

145. **varmint**: "vermin." In the earlier eighteenth century many words containing *er* were pronounced *ar* by good speakers (*e.g.* servant, sermon). Later in the eighteenth century the *er* pronunciation became the pronunciation in Standard English, but *ar* has remained in the dialects. Tony's pronunciation with an added *t* is clearly meant to be dialectal.

151. **riddle me this**: "solve this riddle."

**66.** 164. **with a circumbendibus**: by a roundabout route; *circumbendibus* is a humorous formation from Latin *circum* ("about") and *bend*, followed by the Latin ending *-ibus*.

187. **quickset**: formed of living bushes.

**67.** 198. **O lud**: a slurring of "O Lord."

201. **two of the five**: *i.e.* highwaymen.

202. **kept here**: "made this their resort."

69. 295. it . . . produces: by *it* the giving up of one's fortune in a moment of passion is understood; the loose grammar is natural enough in conversation.

## ACT V. SCENE III.

70. 305. appears: *i.e.* proves to be true.

321. this girl . . . upon me: *i.e.* I like this girl better and better every moment.

71. 331. without equal affluence: "if I am not as rich as you."

332. imputed merit: "being thought worthy of your love."

349. discernment: "judgment."

72. 368. catch at: "be eager to accept."

73. 401. noisy head: *i.e.* beset by the fluent talk of Miss Hardcastle.

## EPILOGUE BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

76. 4. conquer you: *i.e.* win the approval of the audience.

5. for all your resolution: *i.e.* however firmly you oppose their charms.

8. we have . . . entrances: an adapted quotation from the well-known speech of Jacques in *As You Like It* (II. vii. 140), beginning "All the world's a stage." The epitome of a barmaid's life given here was no doubt suggested by the speech of Jacques.

11. with unmeaning action: *i.e.* clumsy manner.

19. Cits: Citizens.

22. Common Councilmen: members of the Common Council of the City of London. The government of the City is vested in the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council.

25. caro: an Italian word meaning "dear" and also, as here, "welcome," "acceptable."

26. Nancy Dawson: Nancy Dawson (1730 ?-1767), was a dancer, who made a great hit in 1759 with her hornpipe dance in the *Beggar's Opera*. The tune which she thus made popular is here meant. Che Faro: a song from the opera *Orfeo* (1764) of Gluck (1714-87).

28. Heinel: a Flemish dancer, then popular.

77. 31. spadille: the ace of spades.

33. fifth . . . act: to die, *i.e.* to conclude the epilogue and leave the stage.

35. Bayes: *i.e.* the dramatist. Bayes was a character in the burlesque play *The Rehearsal* (1671), by the Duke of Buckingham

and others, which ridiculed the "heroic plays" then in vogue. It was Dryden who was satirised in the character of Bayes, but the name came to be applied humorously to any poet or author.

## EPILOGUE BY J. CRADOCK, ESQ.

**Cradock:** Joseph Cradock (1742-1826), a miscellaneous author, who was an amateur actor and much interested in the stage. He was a friend of Goldsmith's, and Goldsmith had in 1772 written a Prologue for his play *Zobeide*. This Prologue of Cradock's was considered too poor to use, but it was printed with the play as having "arrived too late."

77. 48. **hoikes:** "betakes herself"; this word was formerly explained as derived from *Yoicks*, the call to hounds in hunting, but it may be the dialect word *hikes* which has now come into general use.

50. **Sadler's-Wells:** a pleasure-resort where music and plays were given. It is in Islington, then in the fields north of London.

51. **roratorio:** *i.e.* oratorio; a rustic mis-pronunciation.

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